NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

It is our extreme regret that we have during the earlier numbers of THE MODERN MAN been obliged to cut down many orders owing to the fact that the demand for the paper exceeded all our expectations. Our printers have now, however, completed the erection of a new and thoroughly up-to-date fast Rotary Machine, specially adapted for printing and folding THE MODERN MAN, and we shall now be in a position to meet all demands on our Publishing Department.

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 6. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 12, 1908. ONE PENNY.

The Maltese Cross

printed above the Trade Mark on all

BLACK CAT

PURE MATURED 1904 VIRGINIA—MILD

CIGARETTES

is a guarantee that the Tobacco is the fine Virginia of

1904 CROP

¶ The fine Virginia tobacco crop of 1904 was the best produced for the past ten years. The tobacco leaf was thick and well-grown and full of the oils and essences which give that rich flavour to tobacco.

¶ The 1904 crop Virginia has now been maturing for *four* years. All the raw greenness has been fermented out of the leaf. The tobacco is sweet, mild, yet full of fragrance, and has a delightful aroma. In other words—*it is perfectly matured.*

¶ Carreras bought all the 1904 crop Virginia lying in this country to be used exclusively in making

HERE'S THE TEST

Light a Black Cat Virginia and any other Virginia cigarette *at any price*, together. Smoke from each alternately and pass the smoke through the nose. This is the way to test a cigarette.

Black Cat

1904 CROP—VIRGINIA

Cigarettes

(With the Maltese Cross)

10 for 3d.

HERE'S THE REASON

The smoke from a Black Cat Virginia will be sweet and mild—the other will "bite" the sensitive nerves in the nose. Black Cat is perfectly matured—the other is "green."

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK.

We present a free copy of this Book in exchange for 100 empty packets and paper sealing bands from Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes. Particulars on application to "The Queen's Gift Book," Carreras, Ltd., 40, St. James' Place, Aldgate, London, E.C.

COPYRIGHT.] *Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents*, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., *Thanet House*, 231, *Strand, London.*

NEW AND WONDERFUL DISCOVERY!

Now is the Best Season of the Year for the Quick and Lasting Cure of Lack of Energy, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Kinds of Nervous Troubles.

No ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Lack of Energy, Nervous and Rheumatic Troubles. Indeed, there can be no doubt that they are largely on the increase at the present time. This would surely not be the case if the old medicines and methods had proved even partly successful as cures.

Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from lack of energy, nervous and rheumatic troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the most successful method is that of Galvano-Electricity. Doctors recommend it to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is so short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly recurring expense and inconvenience.

The problem before the medical scientists was how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly-successful Galvano-Electric Treatment so as to make it:

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous, and*
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "GALVOPADS" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions as

LOSS OF VIGOUR	RHEUMATISM
NEURASTHENIA	GOUT
SLEEPLESSNESS	SCIATICA
LASSITUDE	LUMBAGO
DEPRESSION	NEURALGIA

If you are a sufferer from any of the above you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life. You are rarely, or never, without the haunting feeling of the "something lacking" in your constitution.

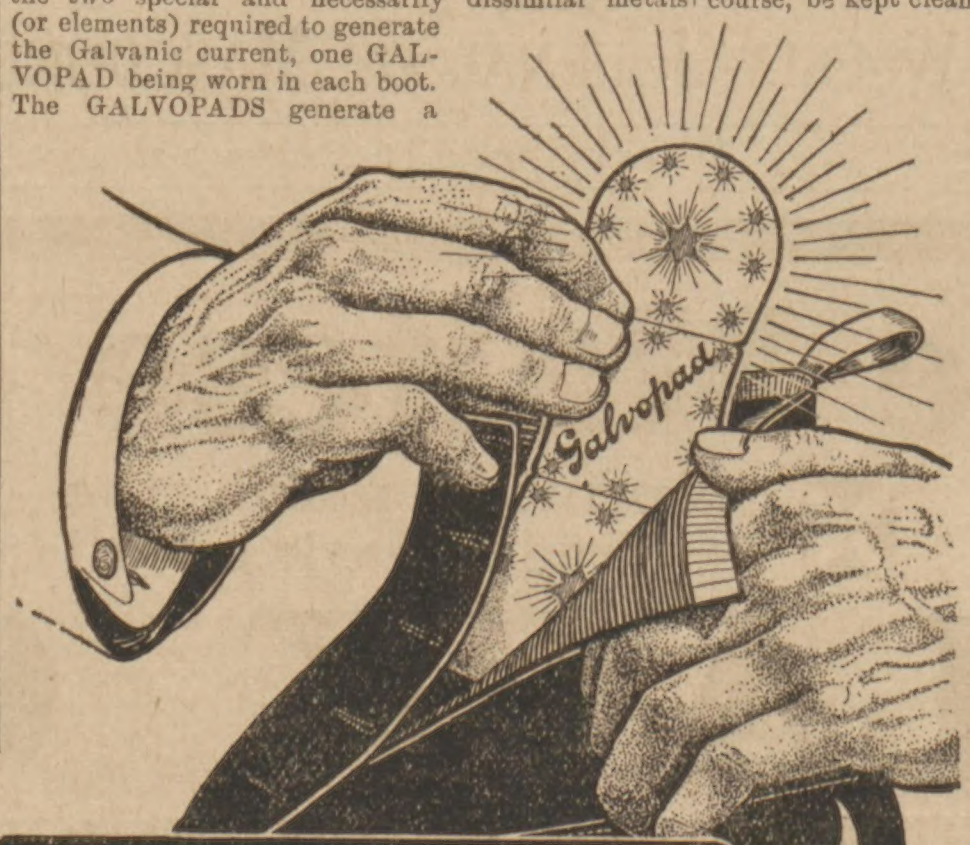
Try to imagine, then, the importance of this important discovery of the GALVOPAD method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. You also do not need to be informed that by supplying your weakened system with the lacking force of life, the *cure* of your Rheumatism, or Loss of Vigour, or other condition of your ill-health, must follow as a matter of course.

This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of the GALVOPADS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GALVOPADS.

The reader may at this stage wish for information as to the construction of the GALVOPADS. They are scientifically designed Galvanic batteries (worn as socks in the boots or shoes), constructed on the well-known principle discovered by Volta, who invented what is known as the Voltaic Battery. The GALVOPADS are in the form of a series of metal plates shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD batteries are manufactured from the two special and necessarily dissimilar metals (or elements) required to generate the Galvanic current, one GALVOPAD being worn in each boot. The GALVOPADS generate a mild and—what is most important—*continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt*, only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced. This is caused by your sluggish life fluid being quickened, and the increased blood pressure bathing every part of your body with warmer and richer blood. Thus every organ in your body is awakened, nourished, and strengthened to do its proper share of work easily and perfectly. Thus your body, by the greater activity and efficiency of the eliminating organs, is freed from the body-wastes that poison your system and cause Rheumatic and Nervous complaints.



Wear them in your boots. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest; while you walk or sit; indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

The GALVOPADS are worn without the slightest discomfort when walking, and, in addition to their wonderful curative properties they act as a safeguard against the danger of damp feet.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPADS will show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body via the sweat-pores of the feet. (The GALVOPADS must, of course, be kept clean. This can easily be done with some metal cleaning powder.)

The GALVOPADS, however, do not merely secure the deposit of what is only a small portion of the body poisons: a much larger amount of the Rheumatic and Nerve poisons is got rid of via the natural outlets of the breath, the pores of the skin, the bowels and the kidneys. The deposit on the GALVOPADS is only the visual evidence that their good influence is at work on your behalf. More welcome and gratifying evidence of the curative effects of the GALVOPADS is your ever-increasing sense of of all-round health improvement. The Rheumatic Pains rapidly die away. The Nervous Irritation or Sensitiveness fades away like a bad dream. The mind becomes clear and bright. The body feels lightened of the load of its former poisons. Work becomes a pleasant duty instead of a slavish burden

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair, two pairs 9s.) of the GALVOPADS is taken into consideration. It is true that a higher price might well have been put on them. *The inventor, however, stipulated that the GALVOPADS be sold at as low a price as possible, in order that the price alone should not stand in the way of every reader benefiting by their use.* That, in brief, is the reason of the low price of 5s. the set.

With so low a price to pay, can you neglect to do yourself so much good at such small cost? Send a cheque, money or postal order to-day, and the day after to-morrow you will receive the set of GALVOPADS with full instructions. Your money will be returned to you in full after a month's trial if by that time you can truly say you have not derived benefit worth a hundred times more than the small sum of 5s.

The set of GALVOPADS will be sent in plain wrapper, with full instructions, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (postal order) addressed to the GALVOPAD CO., Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

To the GALVOPAD CO.,
Fleet House, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Please forward A Set of GALVOPADS, carriage free, to the name and address as below.
I enclose Five Shillings in payment.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

"*M. M.,*" *Dec. 12, 1908.*] Please write distinctly and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 6. WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 12TH, 1908. ONE PENNY.

SPORTING WAGERS.

Good at all things, but better at a bet.—BYRON.

The captain of one of London's most popular cycling clubs was recently challenged by a friend to cycle from Reigate to Brighton with two miles of stout string trailing behind his machine.

It is probable that long before Brighton came in sight the cyclist would have been forbidden by the police to carry out a feat dangerous to other users of the road, but the difficulty did not occur.

The wheelman left Reigate feeling fit and confident, and the little bit of string behind him seemed a trivial burden indeed.

When he had travelled two miles, however, and the two miles of string came off its reel and now trailed behind him, he discovered that movement was all but an impossibility, for the friction of the cord equalled something like one ton in weight.

For a hundred yards or so he managed to ride with the two miles of string at full stretch, but that was done on an incline. When the road became level he was compelled to dismount.

One of those men who imagine they can do everything, received a severe lesson the other evening in the billiard room. A friend made him a bet that he could not put a billiard ball into his mouth. He readily accepted, and after a little trouble forced the ivory inside his oral cavity, and thus won the bet.

He then discovered that the money had been dearly earned, for his utmost efforts and those of his friends failed to remove the billiard ball. It could not in fact be extracted till several of his front teeth had been removed by a dentist.

The famous John Roberts once wagered that he could beat a certain amateur at billiards, the expert using an umbrella, and the amateur an ordinary cue. In this case, however, the suitability of implements more than counteracted the difference in skill, and Roberts received one of the few beatings of his life.

In making a bet one must beware of the other party taking advantage of the letter rather than of the spirit of the wager. A merchant whose hobby is the breeding of trotting horses recently assured a sporting friend that he had a mare that could trot eighty miles in four hours.

"Oh, that's nothing," said his friend, "I've got four horses that can trot eighty miles in four hours."

The merchant thereupon challenged him to produce them, and staked a large sum on the event. The sporting man brought forth four fast trotters, and on a racing track set the four going together for one hour.

In that time each of the four accomplished just twenty miles, so that he could truthfully say that his four horses had done eighty miles in four hours. Of course his victory was secured by a mere trick, for though twenty miles an hour for four consecutive hours is a great feat for a horse to accomplish, twenty miles for one hour is nothing out of the common for a good trotter.

R. WOODCRAFT.

COPYRIGHT.]

THE MAN AND THE JOB.

I never can stand any man who'd be quit
Of the work he has chosen to do.
He's lazy, or else he is lacking in grit,
And perhaps he's a hypocrite too.
He's ready to cheat and he's likely to rob—
Away with the man who finds fault with his job.

But give me the man with the smile on his face,
Who sends all the shadows behind,
Who meets all reverses without a grimace,
And always has time to be kind.
For whether a ruler, or one of the mob,
I've faith in the man who's in love with his job.

R. J. CUTLER.

CRIMINAL SMOKERS.

"I always keep my eye open," said a commissionaire in a music hall, "for outbreaks of fire in the auditorium. You would be surprised at the number of careless smokers who throw down a vesta while it is still alight. The seats are close together and, as likely as not, a lady's dress will be set on fire. The thing has happened over and over again, and we keep a heavy fireproof blanket behind this curtain for use in such an accident."

Inquiries were made of a policeman who is stationed on point duty at the Bank.

"The other day," he said, "a man dropped a glowing cigarette end from the top of a 'bus on to a lady's hat. She came rushing towards me, shouting that her head was on fire, and I found that the glowing stump had smouldered through the straw of her hat and had singed her hair in one spot but without doing much harm.

"I remember, however, once seeing a lady's hat blazing through a match being dropped by a careless smoker from the window of a house. She would probably have been fatally injured had not a gentleman had the presence of mind to throw his waterproof over her head."

COMFORT FOR THE SHORT.

Andrew Carnegie and Sir Ernest Cassel, two representative financiers, are both well under the average height. Sir Francis Laking, again, one of the best of our present day physicians, is a short man.

In literature we have Barrie, not only short but thin. In art, Stanley L. Wood; but he is a man of exceptional strength.

In politics John Burns and Lloyd-George are insignificant beside some of their more gigantic but less distinguished confrères.

Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Wright are two of the cleverest judges on the Bench, and neither of them stands much more than five feet three. Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., though a short man, can make a giant feel very small when he is under his withering cross-examination.

In the theatrical profession we find the same thing. Harry Lauder, Little Tich and Teddy Payne are all short, though the first-named is very muscular.

In the army, of course, we have dear old Bobs, one of the smallest and the best.

THE MODERN DISCUS.

GROWING POPULARITY OF QUOITS.

Twenty years ago quoits were astonishingly popular. Then, with the growth of football enthusiasm, they gradually fell off in favour, but during the last year there has been a remarkable revival in this interesting game. This is probably due to the fact that we are beginning to learn that it is better to play some game ourselves, however badly, than to watch other people play, however well.

Quoits are admirably suited to the man who is not in training, for they impose no severe strain on his muscles or on his endurance, but nevertheless they exercise his limbs efficiently.

The outfit for quoits is inexpensive, a good pair costing about 8s. 6d., a couple of pins costing 1s. 8d. each and a measuring gauge costing 11d. The average back garden is quite big enough, and all that is required in the way of preparation is a barrowful of clay with which the "head" is made so that the quoits may stick in the ground when they descend.

Playing in couples or small numbers is less interesting than playing in a club. A quoit club is one of the easiest to organise, for, the outfit and accommodation being so little, the subscription need not be more than 3d. a week, and the entry money 6d.

As in all other club games interest must be sustained by constant matches. In estimating the subscription I have endeavoured to make some allowance towards partially meeting the expenses of club members when they visit other teams for a Saturday afternoon match; I am presuming that in the majority of cases they will travel by bicycle.

There is no reason why quoits should not be played after dark. A bicycle lamp set down beside the head, so as to show the scrap of paper attached to the top of the pin, will give all the illumination that is required. I have known players practise after darkness fell by fixing a stub of candle on the end of the pin.

The weight of the quoits is a matter of choice. Those of which I gave the price are 9 lbs., but they can be obtained from 4 lbs. to 12 lbs. Throwing the heavier weapon is undoubtedly the better physical exercise though some scientific work can be got in with one of lighter make.

Discussions arise at times as to playing at either side of the head. A player may change his footing if he likes from one side of the head to the other; the important point is that he must not stand more than 5 ft. from an imaginary line which is supposed to run from the pin down the centre of the ground. The other point on which one sometimes hears differing opinions concerns the holding of a quoit. Within reason a player may please himself in this matter but there are only two practical ways, the ordinary and the reversed. The reversed holding is not infrequently practised on 10 yds. and 15 yds. but few can do it efficiently at 21 yds. Some day when the other players have not turned up, practise the reversed throw from this distance.

T. CRAWFORD.

Looking after your Horse.

A man loves to visit his stable, as a woman does her nursery.—GILFILLAN.

To keep a horse or a pony is a much less costly thing than most people imagine it to be. If you yourself are willing to give the time necessary for grooming and feeding, the upkeep of your mount will be merely his food bill, which you may place on an average at about 10s. a week, allowing for his being put out to grass in the summer time at a much less cost than that.

If you groom your own horse you get to know him far better than you would by merely riding or driving him, and many men like to see to their horses just as the sportsman prefers that a favourite gun shall be cleaned by his own hands alone.

If you lack the time you can engage a boy to do the work for you at from 5s. to 7s. a week. In any case, whether your horse is attended to by a boy or by an expert groom, you must be competent to overlook the work and see that it is properly done.

ARMY FEEDING.

The Army plan may be regarded as ideal. In cavalry regiments the horses are fed and groomed three times a day, morning stables being from 6 to 7 a.m., mid-day stables for an hour and a half after drill, and evening stables from 5 to 6 p.m. On each occasion the horses are groomed and fed; in the morning they have 3 lbs. of oats, at mid-day the same quantity and as much hay as they want, and in the evening 4 lbs. of oats and a fresh supply of hay.

These three groomings are all very well when looking after a horse is part of your day's work, but for the man who earns his living away from the stable, one grooming a day will be found to meet the case. The best and most convenient time is the morning, after you have come in from your ride.

Immediately on your return, the bridle should be taken off and replaced by a head-stall; the girths should be slackened but the saddle allowed to remain on till the horse cools down. When you have seen to these things, rub off all the loose mud from the body and legs with wisps of straw, pick out the caked mud from his feet and wash them with water and a brush, carefully drying them when you have finished to prevent cracked heels. Then sponge the mud off his legs, drying them afterwards with wisps of straw.

RUBBING HIM DOWN.

By this time the horse will have cooled down, and you can remove the saddle, and let him have his oats, to be followed by his hay, and when he has eaten both give him a drink.

While he is feeding, give him an all-over rub with wisps of straw and finish off with a brush, applying it hard enough to get out all the dust and dried sweat. Run a wisp of hay—which being smoother is better for this purpose than straw—over him to give his coat an additional polish, and finish off with a duster.

His mane and forelock may be damped a little to get them to lie smoothly, and his mouth, nostrils and eyes must be carefully sponged.

Some horses have a playful habit of trying to pick up their groom by the seat of his breeches; if yours shows any inclination to this, tie his head to the ring or hay rack while you do his toilet.

Now set about making his bed comfortable for the rest of the day. Remove all litter, and put down as much fresh straw as may be required. Finally throw his blanket over him, fix it with the roller, and your work, so far as he is concerned, is finished for the time.

The procedure which I have outlined is not that generally practised by grooms, but it is the one best suited to the man who must take his ride first thing in the morning if he is to have it at all.

The ideal is for the horse to be fed first thing, the stable to be cleaned, and then the animal thoroughly groomed; but it is inadvisable to give the horse violent exercise immediately after his meal, and if you waited till he had partially digested it you would be too late to get your ride over before business hours.

GROOMING SIMPLIFIED.

Moreover when you came back you would require to give him a second rub down. I have therefore outlined a method which combines these two groomings, does away with the wait for the digestion of the meal and greatly saves time, which to the man who looks after his own horse is a consideration. Before taking him out you should let him have a mouthful of hay or a carrot, and a drop of water, for if his stomach is quite empty he will show a keen disinclination to go far away from his stable.

There is not space here to discuss all the various foods and their values, but in the case of a riding horse a pretty safe rule is to give him as much as he wants to eat at a time, removing any oats he may leave unconsumed.

With the care of the horse the duties of his groom are not finished. The harness must receive attention. In the case of a riding horse there is not very much to do; the bit should be unbuckled and thrown into a pail of water immediately on being removed from the horse's mouth; the stirrups should be brushed free from mud, and the saddle should have a rub over.

When your grooming of the horse is finished take the bit from the pail, dry it and polish it. This must be done every time, for otherwise you cannot expect to have a turn-out as smart as you would like it to be.

HARNESS CLEANING.

In the case of driving harness every part should be carefully gone over after it has been used. The mud should be rubbed off and a little composition well rubbed in. As you do this, keep a keen outlook for all worn parts or loose stitching, for on the soundness of the harness your life and the lives of others may depend; look especially beneath buckles for such defects.

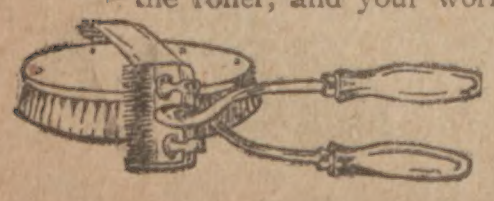
Once a week the harness should be thoroughly washed. Shred some castile soap and pour boiling water on it, letting it stand till it forms a jelly. Drop this jelly into a tub of water—cold, with the chill just taken off—and you will have a solution without any particles of undissolved soap to stick about the stitching of the harness. When everything is ready, unbuckle all the pieces of the harness and drop them into the tub, letting them stand all night. The main object of this soaking is to get out all the sweat, which would otherwise rot the leather.

WASHING THE STRAPS.

In the morning take the harness out of the tub, rinse it well with cold water and hang it up to dry. While it is drying examine it from time to time, working it in your hands to keep it supple, and, when at length all the moisture is out of it, rub in the composition and polish it; the better the composition is rubbed in the longer the harness will last and the brighter will be the polish. The saddle and collar, being padded, cannot be submitted to the soaking process, and must be carefully sponged with water and a wet cloth.

Never on any account keep your harness in the stable. In the atmosphere of every stable there is a large amount of ammonia, which will dull all the metal fittings, while the general moisture will tend to rot the leather.

Never buy second-hand harness, for nobody's reputation is attached to it and it is not unlikely to snap at some awkward moment. A second-hand riding saddle is particularly dangerous for they are usually badly constructed and produce sores on your horse's back. W. IRONSIDE.



POVERTY'S VENGEANCE.

AN EPISODE.

"Contribute towards rebuilding these houses!" exclaimed the Man of Property to his visitor, a person of ideas, a dreamer. "My dear sir, you might have taken the trouble to ascertain who I was before calling on me. I am the owner of these premises, tumbledowns and hovels as you have been good enough to call them."

"I suppose," said the visitor, "you contribute as a matter of course towards foreign missions?"

"For years I have done so," replied the Man of Property, conscious of his unimpeachable respectability and of his conventional uprightness.

"Has it not struck you then," continued the visitor, "that you might spend the money better by helping the poor wretches who live here in London, here in what you have just informed me is your own personal property?"

"The idea has not occurred to me," was the reply. "These people like their surroundings. Their fathers lived there before them, and they are breeding children to be my tenants when they are gone."

"But don't you think you might educate them to appreciate greater cleanliness and more fresh air?"

"No," said the Man of Property. "I'm not a philanthropist or a teacher."

With that the visitor left him, and the Man of Property lit a cigar and began to think. The mention of the slums had started a pleasant train of thought, for it reminded him of the vast difference between him and his wretched tenants. Once, years ago, he had lived in those very slums, but by diligence and good luck he had prospered in business, and it had been from the beginning his ambition to own that unsavoury area where his early youth had been spent.

As he grew richer he bought one of the houses, then another and another, till now he owned the lot.

The one drop of gall in his cup was the fact, of which he also was conscious, that money had not made him a gentleman, and he could not overcome his feeling of embarrassment when he met others of the station to which he had raised himself.

But what did it matter? His son Arthur was a gentleman; had been educated at a public school and was now a young officer in His Majesty's Army.

Arthur. How dear he was to the heart of the Man of Property! He was the only offspring fate had sent him, but he was sufficient. In him his father felt his own personal ambitions realised to the full.

In time Arthur also would be a man of property, and, what was more, he was also a well-bred gentleman.

To-night he would be home on leave, and his father would point out to him once again the houses that must some day be his.

The young man never appeared quite so enthusiastic as his father would have liked during such discussions. He did not seem to love the slums, to glory in their possession, but in time he would grow to do so; of that the Man of Property was convinced.

The first two days of Arthur's visit passed along with infinite satisfaction to his father.

Then on the third day the young man fell ill. His head throbbed as if something had struck it, and he took to his bed. In a hour's time he was in agony and could not bear to be touched.

Before evening he was dead.

The learned physicians, summoned by the Man of Property, shook their heads gravely.

"There could be no doubt as to the issue," said one of them to the father. "He had an acute attack of spotted fever. I know there have been two cases in the slums beside you, but this is the first I have heard of outside them. You should sell out and take a house elsewhere. You are too near these unwholesome dens."

But the Man of Property made no answer. Why should he trouble to change now, when the object of all his life's work had succumbed to the vengeance of the slums? DAVID COOPER.

BEN ALTON'S LAST CARD

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GAVIN WALLACE.

He might have made a fortune as a writer of fiction, for he had a constructive imagination of the finest kind.

As it was he had already made a fairly substantial fortune in devising and carrying out schemes for the spoliation of the easily gulled British public.

Ben's latest venture had been a bucket shop, to which trusting investors had sent many a cheque, and Ben was waxing fat. Then came a nasty—Ben called it an impudent—little paragraph in a weekly paper, in which the business of Benjamin Alton was referred to in most uncomplimentary terms.

The writer had used a good many classical epithets to describe the financier and had ended up by dubbing him "a wrong un."

Ben must have been napping when he decided to institute an action for libel.

He hired the best lawyers and counsel, for he could afford them, and he was concocting various schemes for the ruin of the paper should the damages awarded to him prove insufficient to kill it.

He never thought for a moment that his prosecution of the paper might end in the Treasury's prosecution of him. That was where this Homer of finance was caught nodding.

He was sitting at his desk one evening, reading in the early editions of the evening papers the reports of the proceedings which had taken place in the court that day. The case still being *sub judice*, the papers dare not comment upon it, but the headlines with which the reports were embellished were sufficiently suggestive of how the wind of public opinion was blowing.

"Ben Alton's Libel Case. Startling Insinuations Made by Counsel against Financier. Will the Treasury Prosecute?" Such were the headings that now met his eye.

His clerks had left half an hour since, and Ben was sipping the tea which the office boy had brought from a neighbouring shop before he also departed for home.

Ben was essentially self-reliant, and in such a crisis as the present he liked to be alone. The telephone could scarcely be considered company, and he kept it at his elbow waiting impatiently for a summons.

Presently there came a faint tinkle at the telephone bell, and Ben picked it up and listened.

After the usual inquiries which proved that the connection had been properly made, this conversation might have been heard by the telephone girl had she cared to listen.

"I happen to have it on the best of authority that you are to be arrested to-morrow morning and prosecuted for extensive fraud."

"I daresay that is so."

"This warning is worth at least £20,000 to you, for if you are caught there is no question but that you will be sent to do ten years' penal, and I expect you to forward me a cheque for that sum by to-night's post."

"I think a £10 note would cover my obligations to you."

"Very well, if you think that I'll communicate anonymously with Scotland Yard to-night and they will have the seaports watched and catch you as you try to board the steamer. I don't call this gratitude. Remember the risks I have had to run."

"Don't be offended. I'll pay you the £20,000. I only mentioned the £10 note in jest. Good-bye, and many thanks."

Mr. Ben Alton's lethargy disappeared instantaneously.

He hung up the receiver, addressed an envelope to a certain Government official and put into it a £100 note.

"I can't afford to leave enemies behind me just at present," he remarked, "but I'll be blowed if I pay him the sum he asks. Why, I haven't got it!"

His next work was to draw a portmanteau, which he had already packed, from beneath his desk, and to bundle into a handbag certain documents which could be turned into money abroad.

He had already transferred a good deal of cash to French banks, but his danger had been so sudden and so unforeseen that much of his fortune he had been obliged to leave behind him.

Having placed his two bags close beside the door, he unlocked the safe, brought forth his business books, opened them in the centre of the room, and, placing above them all the letter files that his office contained, he set a match to the pile, closed the door, hailed a hansom and drove to Charing Cross.

He was in Paris early next morning. He studied the French newspapers carefully but could find no reference to himself, but he scarcely expected to do so for, if his information was correct, the arrest had been planned for this morning, and news of his disappearance was not likely to appear till the evening papers were issued.

When in the early afternoon these journals were unfolded in the cafés, the French public and Mr. Ben Alton read not only of the escape of the latter but also of the great city fire which was supposed to have originated in his office.

There was the further comforting intelligence that a man answering his description had been seen boarding an American steamer at Liverpool, and that the New York police had been instructed to arrest him as soon as the vessel touched land.

The origin of this report was probably accidental, and Ben quoted to himself that beautiful proverb with which he had so often headed his advertisements: "Fortune favours the brave."

Ben spent a week in Paris, drawing his money from the various banks and re-depositing it under a new name, to guard against being traced. When this work had been completed, however, Ben began to feel the discomforts of ennui, for he was of an essentially active temperament, but, as he asked himself a hundred times a day, what could he do?

He might, of course, start some form of swindle in France, but his ignorance of the language hampered him greatly; moreover he had a fixed belief that no prey was so easy or so fat as the English public. So he reluctantly admitted to himself that he must perforce hold his hand for a month or so till things should have blown over and he might return to London in comparative safety.

Complete idleness being distasteful to him, Monte Carlo suggested itself as a desirable place of temporary residence. He knew that fools went there to make money, and that rogues went there to make money out of the fools.

Knowing himself to come under the category of a rogue, he thought he might be able to make a little money there too, and so one evening he boarded the south express to Nice and journeyed on next morning to that little plague spot of Europe, the Principality of Monaco.

For a week or two he gambled very mildly, in order to learn the game and the possibilities that it might hold for fraud, but here again he had made a slight miscalculation.

The directors of the Casino had dealt with rogues so many times that they had forestalled every possible trick that the unscrupulous might attempt to work off upon them.

Ben devised one or two schemes, the cleverness of which almost deserved success, but they did not get it. Instead, he began to find himself losing a good deal of money.

He always entertained the utmost confidence in his luck, and believed that the little set-back which he had received in London and which appeared to be reflected to some extent in his losses at the gaming tables, was only a temporary misfortune, and that he must eventually win heavily, provided he kept his nerve and played without fear.

All of which tends to show that Mr. Ben Alton, like many another clever rogue, was little smarter than one of his dupes when he left his own proper sphere of activity.

Week by week he lost heavily and more heavily, till one evening he left the Casino with only twenty francs in his pocket.

He did not fully realise the low ebb of his fortunes that night, but next morning his folly was impressed upon him when the landlord of his hotel presented his bill and he found himself unable to pay.

"This is my last card," he said to himself. "If I play it right I shall get enough to make a fresh start. If I fail I must go under."

Before lunch he purchased a cheap revolver, and he nursed it in his pocket throughout the rest of the day.

In the evening he dined at Ciro's, and then he made his way leisurely to the gaming rooms.

The place was now ablaze with light, and laughter and music smote his ears as he crossed the threshold. He drew out his five remaining francs from his pocket, looked at them wistfully, felt for the revolver in his other pocket and then took his seat at one of the tables.

His ill-luck had become notorious, and the other players nudged their neighbours and nodded in his direction.

Five times he staked a franc, and five times he lost.

When he threw his hand to his forehead and staggered from the table; an unbiassed observer might have dubbed the action theatrical and even ludicrous, but the officials of the Casino, expecting some such result, were in no wise surprised; and, when the ruined gambler stumbled from the brilliant hall into the silence of the night, one of the company's private detectives was told off to follow him.

Ben walked sharply till he had left the main avenue with its lamps and reached a side walk that was hidden by shrubberies.

He glanced round and observed the figure of the detective outlined against the patch of brightness behind, then he drew the revolver from his pocket and fired.

The detective came up at a run.

He saw the body lying on the walk, he observed a round black spot on the forehead and a great patch of red across one cheek.

Drawing a bunch of banknotes from his coat, he thrust them into the breast pocket of the man lying at his feet, and into his other pockets he emptied a bag of gold. Then he left the body to be officially discovered.

No one could say now that a player had committed suicide because he was ruined. This salting of victims paid the company well, for when suicides were discovered they were always found to be loaded with money, so that it must be the sun or the excitement or inherent insanity that accounted for the tragedy and not the losses at the table.

As the sound of the detective's footsteps died away in the distance, the corpse raised himself into a sitting posture, rubbed two patches of grease paint, black and red, from his face, threw away the soiled handkerchief, and set off at a brisk pace for his hotel.

"There's always luck in the last card," Ben Alton assured himself as he stepped through the night. "To-morrow I'll be off back to merry England to make a fresh start in life!"

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

RUBBING DOWN.

The primitive massage which we call rubbing down has, as every athlete knows, a wonderfully refreshing effect upon the muscles. The professional trainer has methods which it is impossible for the athlete to apply to himself. For example, one of his devices for relaxing a tightened muscle is to rub his open palms together just above the affected part and in such a way that the edges of his hands strike it lightly and alternately. This gentle tapping frequently succeeds in restoring the condition of the muscle after ordinary friction has failed.

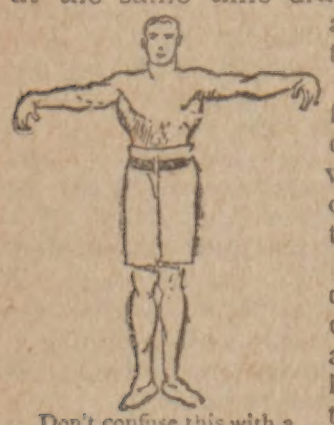
It is with friction, however, that the athlete must content himself if he is doing his own rubbing. The main thing is to see that the skin is thoroughly dried before the rubbing is attempted. If the skin is in the least wet great irritation is set up by the rubbing, and the part rubbed may even develop a number of small but troublesome sores.

In ordinary athletics there is not very much danger of the rubbing taking place while the skin is wet, for the perspiration rapidly dries owing to the heated condition of the body, but in being rubbed down after a stiff swim the precaution of a preliminary and thorough towelling must not be neglected. Here the body is wet with cold water, and there is not a high skin temperature to make this evaporate. When you have been swimming in salt water the danger of skin irritation is considerably increased if the drying process is overlooked.

Embrocations are useful in facilitating massage and in drawing the blood to the surface and thus relieving the muscle. An effective embrocation can be made by mixing half-a-pint of turpentine and an equal quantity of any pure oil and adding a glass of whisky to the compound.

RAPID CHEST EXPANSION.

Cross the forearms in front of you, forcing the shoulders downward and forward so that you bring them close together and thus eject the air from your lungs. Then start inhaling deeply, at the same time drawing your shoulders and arms up and back as in the illustration.



Don't confuse this with a breathing exercise.

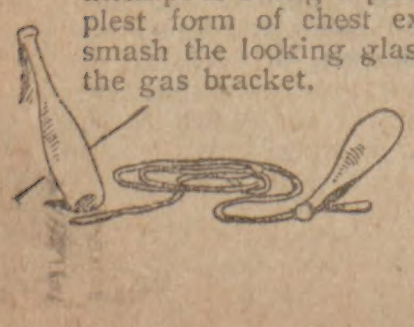
Your lungs should be filled to their maximum capacity at the moment when the hands come on a horizontal line with the shoulders.

The object of this exercise is to expand the chest; it is not strictly a breathing exercise, for here only the upper portion of the lungs is called into play: correct breathing affects the abdomen as well.

THE PLACE FOR EXERCISE.

Where is the physical culturist to go through his exercises? Some writers on the subject have plumped for the bathroom, but that place is not inviting, and its limitations are rather more noticeable than its suitability.

The modern bathroom is so small that if you attempt to swing a pair of clubs or use the simplest form of chest expander, you will either smash the looking glass or knock the globe off the gas bracket.



The garden? The advantage of exercising in the open air is obvious, but here we find another drawback, in fact a few. From each window up and down the street pop forth the heads of the neighbours, while even the humble domestic servant peeps shyly through the hedge.

One suggests that there may be a trace of insanity in the family, another hazards a guess that you are doing it for a bet. Who shall say that physical culture practised under these conditions is not conducive to an increase of bravery? But to most of us the adverse glances of the neighbours more than make up for the comfort of the fresh air.

A shed in the garden, or a workshop, or a stable, or any outbuilding that may be handy, suggests itself as an ideal gymnasium; but to get to it you have to cross the garden, and to do that decently you must either clothe yourself properly or else wrap yourself in a dressing-gown. If you do the former it means additional labour, for when the sweat comes out you want to strip and have a rub down; if you vote for the dressing-gown again the neighbours will have a peep and will want to know what is going on inside that shed.

The best place is your bedroom, with the windows thrown open. Here you have no peering eyes, nor have you the trouble of many dressings. But be careful in your enthusiasm not to send your dumb-bell through one of the framed texts on the wall.

CHAIR AS DEVELOPER.

Stand with your back to the back of a chair, and bend down till you grasp the legs of it close to the floor. Now straighten up, bringing the chair off the ground. It is to be held with the seat perfectly level, and no part of the chair must be allowed to rest against your back.

You are now in the ready position.

Slowly contract your arms, which have been hanging at full length, and push the chair up behind you as far as you can, keeping the seat of it level all the time.

Excellent for round shoulders.

When you have raised it as far as possible, lower it slowly till your arms are again stretched out; then raise it again, repeating the exercise five or six times.

This exercise has the advantage of developing several sets of muscles simultaneously and quickly, those chiefly affected being the wrists, forearms, biceps, and the muscles of the shoulders and back.

LIMITS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

That fine muscular development does not in itself help a man to better his position may be proved by examining the employees at any factory. Generally speaking, the men with the biggest muscles occupy the inferior positions. The physical weakling who is gifted with a clever brain points to these examples with derision, and goes further than the truth; he would have you believe that physical culture is not only useless from the point of view of wage-earning, but even detrimental.

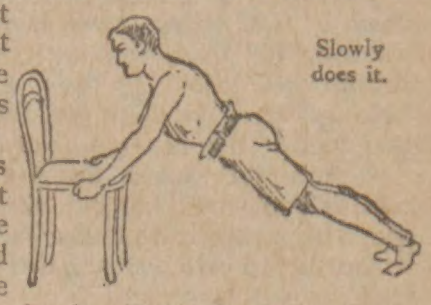
Such is not the case. There is nothing about physical culture to dull a man's intellect or lessen his usefulness to his employer. On the contrary. But it must also be borne in mind by physical culturists that the world has no particular use for large muscles; when you show it the size of your biceps, it points to its machinery whose latent horsepower is a thousand times stronger than the strongest man.

The well-developed body is useful in many ways. It enables its possessor to enjoy life to the fullest physical extent, it secures for him the admiration of the ladies, and the envy of his fellow men; such being the case, his surprise is painful when he discovers that it does not bring him a rise when he goes for his money at the end of the week. It must be remembered that the business world of to-day demands mind rather than muscle, and the physical culturist must make his brain as strong as his biceps; he has an excellent opportunity for doing so, for his body is healthy and his brain is physically sound.

This advantage of physical culture has been realised by many of the foremost business men of to-day; they have developed their brains, using a well-developed body as a basis to build upon. The trouble is that the average physical culturist is inclined to rest satisfied when his muscles are big. Let him tackle his brain next and not be content until his salary is big too, Far from being a disadvantage, good physical development and sound health are assets of inestimable value in business, but they must be combined with mental alertness, carefulness and strict application.

GOOD SHOULDERS.

Grasp the sides of a chair seat with the hands, stretching the feet as far away as possible, and keeping the legs rigid. Slowly lower the body till the chest touches the front of the chair; then raise it to the first position. Repeat till you perceive the first symptoms of tiredness.



Slowly does it.

Throughout this exercise the feet must not change their position, and the knees must be kept stiff. Breathe freely all the time.

This exercise is unrivalled as a means of developing the shoulders. It also has a marked effect on the arms and back.

It resembles the more familiar exercise which is performed in a similar manner but with the hands on the floor. Here, however, more stress is placed on the shoulders, as you may readily prove by trying each of the exercises a few times.

AGED ATHLETES.

The argument is frequently trumped up that athletics injure the health and make longevity impossible. Such a loose assertion can best be disproved by a consideration of actual fact.

Dr. F. J. Furnivalf is now nearer eighty than seventy, but he is still able to row from Putney to Richmond against a high wind and a stiff stream. All his life long he has been a devotee of sculling, and he still indulges in it several times a week.

Not very long ago he and three others were in a four-oar outrigger when they encountered a 'varsity four-our practising. The doctor invited the other boat to race him for a mile, and the 'varsity lost by three lengths.

One of the most enthusiastic members of the London Athletic Club is Mr. G. R. Savage. At Stamford Bridge recently he competed in the 150 yards sprint and was only defeated for first place in the last few yards. So little was he affected by his exertions that he next competed in the 120 yards hurdle race. Yet he is well over sixty and has been an enthusiastic sprinter for 40 years.

Mr. J. E. Dixon was thirty years ago one of the best amateur long-distance runners in Britain, having covered forty miles in six hours and a quarter. In spite of having put up this record, however, and in spite of being nearly sixty, he is still often to be seen on the racing track.

Amongst pedestrians we have Joe Spencer, Weston, and Peter Adair, aged 90, 68, and 70 respectively. All these men can do their thirty miles a day for weeks together, and Weston recently did 100 miles in less than 24 hours.

Amongst boxers we have Jem Mace, who at the age of 74 boxed with his old antagonist Bob Travers. Both men were famous fighters as far back as 40 or 50 years ago.

Athletics are dangerous to health only when they are taken up to excess and irregularly. The man who practises them steadily has little to fear.

WET-BLANKETS.

"Prophet!" said I. "Thing of evil!"
—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The wet-blanket person means well. That is the worst of him.

If his motives were envy or malice, you would allow for them in forming your estimate of the value of his opinion; but you know he means well, so you desist from your pet scheme because he tells you to.

The perpetual wet-blanket suffers from a species of lunacy. Disaster is his monomania.

I know one man who throws cold water on every suggestion made in his hearing. "Going to live in the country?" he exclaims. "My dear boy, take my advice and don't! You'll feel in a month's time that you're buried alive." He said that to me once.

On another occasion I heard him say to a countryman: "Don't come to town. Its glamour soon passes and you'll find brick walls duller than green fields."

If an outing is suggested he always prophesies that it will rain. If you want it to rain for fishing, he says it will be fine. And, even though you know his peculiarity, you can hardly help giving some weight to what he says, for you know that he is your well-wisher.

I remember when the pioneer of the present enthusiasm for physical culture first suggested that there might be money in teaching exercises through the post. At that time he was a music-hall strong man, and it was after his turn that he mentioned his idea to a few of us.

"My dear fellow," said a theatrical manager who was of the party, "this is simply another illustration of the fact that the cobbler should stick to his last. You've made a bit of money by performing, and now you want to lose it all by starting a business which you know nothing about. Why, half the existing teachers of gymnastics can't get pupils, and they are teaching by practical demonstration. How then could you hope to get correspondence pupils?"

He was a well-meaning wet-blanket, but the athlete took his own way, and has, I believe, amassed a moderate fortune in exploiting it.

When Mr. Harmsworth, as Lord Northcliffe then was, proposed starting a halfpenny morning paper, hundreds of wet-blankets prophesied disaster. Even the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone could not see anything in the idea.

"It's an interesting experiment," he said, "but I don't think it will pay." Mr. Harmsworth went on with his idea in spite of them, with the result that he built up a record newspaper circulation and made a fortune.

Some five years later, another enterprising journalist announced his intention of founding a second halfpenny paper. "You're throwing away your capital," said a candid friend. "That field is already filled," but the owner of the idea proceeded with it, and another successful paper was the result.

Caruso's father thought him a hopeless ass for throwing up his trade as an engineer, and taking to the stage, but the young man followed his bent and is now earning several hundred pounds for a single performance. Even now Caruso Senior says it is inexplicable why people should pay to hear his son sing.

That is a characteristic of the wet-blanket person; when events prove his prophecy to be wrong, he won't admit his error of judgment.

The wise man who is taking an important step will inevitably meet with such opposition; so will the foolish.

Here is the crux of the matter. It is not safe to suppose that because a person tries to dissuade you from a scheme he must necessarily be wrong. He may or he may not.

You must judge for yourself. Know your ground thoroughly, and then form your own opinion and act on it. Other people do not know the circumstances of your case as you do, therefore don't ask their opinion. They may advise you wrongly in good faith, or they may give you a lying opinion. Some men find it so difficult to speak the truth. WM. GRAZIER.

THE ONLY REASON.

He was a prince amongst ostlers, at least that was the opinion of the motor-cyclist whose machine he had set to rights while its owner was lunching in the inn.

"I'm surprised to find a horsey man with such a knowledge of mechanics," said the cyclist. "What part of the country do you hail from?"

"Ah'm a Scotchman," replied the ostler, "an' Ah've been workin' here nigh on ten year."

"Really!" said the cyclist. "I should have thought a smart chap like you would have made yourself the owner of the inn by this time—especially as you're Scotch."

The ostler sighed.

"Ah micht hae done it," he replied, "but the boss is Scotch tae!"

ORIGINAL IDEA.

Widow Weeks was a very deserving person, and so the squire engaged her little son to help in the kennels after school hours.

One day the squire asked the kennelman how Willy Weeks was getting on.

"I'm sorry to say, sir," announced that worthy, "he is not what I would call a good boy. Yesterday he cheeked me and made faces at me, and, I regret to say, sir, he spat at me."

Then was Master Weeks summoned to the lordly hall.

"Weeks," said the squire, "I am sorry to hear the kennelman give such a bad account of you. He says you cheeked him, and you made faces at him, and you even spat at him. Now it must have been some evil spirit who prompted you to do these things."

"Well, sir," said the little boy after a moment's meditation, "it might have been an evil spirit that prompted me to give him cheek and make faces at him, but the spitting was entirely my own idea."

THE PHEASANTS' FATE.

Hark! From the other side of the covert came the sound of human voices and the breaking of twigs. The squire paused to listen.

Could it be the men who had been slaughtering his pheasants, but who had hitherto eluded all his efforts to catch them? Could they have become so bold as to carry on their nefarious work in broad daylight? He would see.

Such marauders must be ruthlessly stamped out, even if he had had to tackle a hundred of them single-handed.

Stealthily he pushed his way through the bushes and presently he came face to face, not with daring poachers but with two little boys catching linnets.

"Hullo, my lads," said the squire, "you've no business here, you know, but I'll give you sixpence each for the birds you've caught," for he was kind, and the boys were very poor.

Then, as the children pocketed the money, he continued: "I hope you'll find a more profitable occupation than bird-catching before long."

"Yes, sir," said the elder boy, whom he recognised as the offspring of the village shoemaker, "when we're older we'll be able to catch great big birds, like hens with long tails, the same as faither does. They pay all right, only faither has to catch them at night."

That afternoon the squire and the shoemaker had a most entertaining interview.

CYCLISTS AND THE LAW.

SOME LITTLE POINTS FOR THE WHEELMAN.

What exactly is a footpath? Most cyclists imagine that they are safe to ride on that part of the road which has been trodden smooth by foot passengers provided there is no curbstone between it and the road proper.

On some country roads the side walk is the only rideable portion, and the cyclist is much tempted to use it. He is, however, transgressing the law, for a footpath is such if it be raised very slightly above the level of the rest of the road. There is no need for a curbstone to divide the two, and, if the police care to enforce their regulations, they can arrest a man riding on the scarcely distinguishable footpath with as much legal justification as if he were riding on the side walk of the Strand.

On many English roads there are water-splashes. The road is traversed by a brook, and, instead of being bridged, the stream is widened out till it becomes a large shallow pool. Wheeled traffic passes through this water, but for the convenience of foot passengers there is a small bridge at the side.

The cyclist is tempted to ride on to the footpath and across the bridge, for he cannot go through the water. If ever there were justification for footpath riding one would say that this was such a case, but the law says he is wrong. To be strictly right he ought to dismount and wheel his bicycle across the footbridge.

The question of lighting up is a thorny one, and there are many points connected with it which have not yet been decided by a test case. The law in this matter is seldom enforced with all its stringency, but one is, of course, unwise to rely over much on the clemency of the local police.

One of the nice points of lighting up is whether the lampless cyclist is immune from prosecution if he is being towed by a friend who has a lamp. I do not recollect that there has been any legal decision on this point, and I should imagine that even if a cyclist were prosecuted under these circumstances the penalty would be a very light one.

It is a neat way of getting out of the difficulty when one finds one's lamp useless; the towing need not be more than a form; provided a string is fastened between the saddle of the first and the handle bars of the second machine there is no need for the first cyclist to do more than his fair share of pedalling, the second man being responsible for his own propulsion. Anyhow this method is sufficiently ingenious to puzzle the country policeman, and I think it highly improbable that he would trouble the lampless cyclist under these conditions, for the two machines, being joined, would rank as one vehicle.

In being towed you must keep your fingers on your brakes in readiness for emergencies, and don't ride fast. Towing must not, of course, be attempted in traffic.

It is worth while noting that refreshment rooms are not liable for the loss of their customers' bicycles. If the bicycle is stored in the back yard it must be regarded as a privilege. If, however, a charge is made for storing, the proprietor of the café is then responsible.

Innkeepers have greater legal obligations, and are responsible for their customers' machines, provided the cycle has been handed over either to the proprietor or to one of his servants. To lean your bicycle against the wall of the inn is not sufficient. You should draw the innkeeper's attention to the cycle by asking him whether you are safe to leave it in a certain place or not.

It has recently been decided that a man cannot be held liable for any damage that may happen by his fowls straying on the highway. In this case a cyclist was thrown down and badly injured by a collision with a fowl, but he failed to secure damages. A small point this, but one that the cyclist will do well to remember in the event of having a similar accident.

REX FLEMING.

A SPORTSMAN.

To be a true sportsman is the desire of every Britisher.

The sporting instinct is not created round the billiard or card table, as so many men appear to think. No. It is out in the pure air that the sporting instinct is born and developed.

Doubtless you have seen a pack of harriers indulging in a spin on a Saturday afternoon. Well, in the experience and opinion of the writer they are sportsmen. They run for the sake of the exercise, and the first man home has the honour of knowing that he was the best man in the race. He wants nothing more. That is the true sporting instinct.

I will give you an illustration. It is customary in running clubs to offer a cup for the club championship, which is decided at the end of each season. This must be won twice in succession to become the winner's own property. A member of a club in the Midlands won the cup twice in succession, thereby making it is own. He did not, however, rest on his laurels, but gave the cup back to the club and purposely refrained from running in the next year's championship (which he could undoubtedly have won) in order to give one or other of his fellow members a chance of winning the trophy.

This man, I think you will agree, was a true sportsman.

GOLF BY MOONLIGHT.

It was under the light of the moon that Harry Vardon first played golf. Like the other boys of Granville, Jersey, he and I caddied for the members of the Royal Jersey Golf Club, and soon acquired a liking for the game, though at first, like most who do not know it, he thought it poor sport.

We boys laid off a miniature course for ourselves, on which we played with home-made clubs and with white marbles for balls. As the only time we were not at school or caddying was after dark, we used to play here on those nights when the moon was up.

The light was too dim for close observation, and sometimes we gave the balls a sly kick so as to bring them nearer the hole; but, all the same, some fine golfers were produced from that extraordinary caddie club.

I have played many a game since, with some of the cleverest men on the links to-day, but I don't think I shall ever experience the same joy as I did in the years gone by, when I knew next to nothing about the game.

CIGARETTE TIPS.

Avoid gold-tipped cigarettes. They have no claim to consideration except a certain amount of added splendour which they are supposed to confer on their consumer. For his cheap magnificence, however, he is paying dearly, as the real gold-leaf is scarcely ever used to tip cigarettes, the manufacturers generally employing a cheaper and not particularly healthful substitute.

The idea of having tips at all is, of course, to prevent the cigarette from sticking to the lips. This can be done just as well if the smoker from time to time moves the cigarette from one part of his mouth to another, rolling it along to its new position with the tip of his tongue, the moisture from which will render the paper of the cigarette smooth and make adhesion impossible.

There is a knack in doing this rightly, for, if you wet the end of the cigarette too much, it will come loose, and your case will be almost as bad as if you had been obliged to tear it from your lip.

Some smokers never acquire the art of turning a cigarette in their mouths, and they may find it necessary to adopt the following plan, which is thoroughly effective: Strike a vesta, and wait till there is a little drop of wax beneath the flame; then touch this drop with the end of the cigarette. The wax will spread round the paper, forming a smooth surface which cannot cling to the lips.

ARE MEN VAIN?

It's really a question for the ladies to decide, but there can be no harm in our having a squint at it ourselves. Vanity may mean anything from silly conceit to proper pride, so we must all admit it to a certain extent.

The common acceptation of the word is in reference to the niceties of the personal appearance, and few men will acknowledge that they are vain in this sense.

Not very long ago Miss Keller, a clever American woman, was making an after dinner speech in New York, and was levelling her remarks in particular at a young man whom she had heard saying that women were vain.

"Women," she said, "are vain and men are not. A thousand things prove that it is so. The necktie of the handsomest man in the room is at this very moment working its way up the back of his collar."

And the right hand of each of the men present slid gently behind his neck.

But that was in America.

GOOD FELLOWS.

There are two distinct types of men in the army of Good Fellows. Some are all that they appear to be. They are men of such sterling worth, of such complacency of temperament that they are esteemed by all acquaintances. Their good humour is unending and is derived from that fount of beneficence, a kindly heart. If any trouble arose and you sought their assistance, they would sacrifice their convenience to oblige you.

The difference between these and the imitation Good Fellow is wide, yet it is so subtle as to be almost imperceptible till the time arrives for a supreme test.

The imitation Good Fellow passes as a boisterously hearty person, but his mirth lies on the surface. His heart his dead, his outlook upon life acid. His gaiety is assumed for business or other purposes.

Some day you ask him to do you a favour, in the certainty that a person who is always so pleasant and obliging as he would not refuse. It is then that you observe the copper beneath the silver plating.

He is a wicked rogue, because he sets us against Good Fellows as a class, and they do much to brighten life.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

It is our great regret that we are unable to use all the hundreds of paragraphs sent to us each week, but we feel sure that those whose efforts have proved unsuccessful will take their defeat like the sportsmen they are, and try again.

We want paragraphs with a bit of dash in them, and with plenty of masculine interest. Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Send us something really fresh. We can't and won't use dull stuff.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

The guinea this week goes to Mr. F. Nicholls, 1, Sandall Cottages, Chattaway Street, Nechells, Birmingham, for "A Sportsman."

YOU'LL LIKE THIS YULE.

Now is the time to make arrangements if you purpose going away for the Christmas holidays. The town worker who migrates at this season generally does so to some other town, where there are amusements in plenty, but they are of an artificial kind, and exactly the kind of thing he is accustomed to. This year, by way of a change, let him spend his Christmas in the country.

It is there alone that you can get a Yuletide of the old-fashioned kind. Select by preference a farmhouse, for its very isolation makes its inmates zealous in fun-making, and you will have a first-rate time. An advertisement in a local paper will bring you the names of farmers willing to receive you, and their terms are astonishingly low at this season.

There is nothing much doing on a farm at Christmas, and so your temporary landlord will have time to take you for a shot at the rabbits in the morning; the afternoon will be spent with ideal holiday laziness, and in the evening there is certain to be an informal but very jovial gathering either at your farm or at a neighbour's, to which you will be asked. You cannot possibly be bored, for all the people about you are whole-heartedly anxious to make you enjoy yourself.

The prospect of such a vacation is worth your earnest consideration.

ELECTRIC SADDLES AND SPURS.

The introduction of the electric saddle on our English race-courses was nipped in the bud, for it was rightly felt that to give a horse this stimulus was taking advantage of other competitors, and not playing the game.

In America, where the idea came from, they are not so particular, and there is more than a suspicion that this contrivance is still used occasionally on the Yankee turf.

The electric saddle in most cases contains an accumulator which, when a particular spot is pressed by the jockey, discharges its full force of current into the horse. The shock is delivered close to the finish of the race, when the horse needs every ounce of speed.

This sudden stimulus is effective, but it is all given at once and cannot be regulated by the rider. This difficulty has been overcome by a fresh American invention, the electric spur.

One end of the circuit is already touching the horse's back, and the other wire is divided into two, one passing down each of the rider's boots and attached to his spurs. As soon as he touches the sides of his mount with his spurs, a shock is administered, but it ceases as soon as he takes his spurs away. The stimulus is thus under his control.

THEATRE BARS.

One of the first things that strikes a visitor to London is the wicked prices charged for refreshments in the bars of the theatres. Fourpence and even sixpence is a common charge for a bottle of lemonade or beer.

"It is not our fault," the man in charge of a theatre bar said to me. "We have to pay £40 a week in rent for the right to supply refreshments and programmes, and we have only about ten minutes each evening during which we can do business. I can assure you that even with our higher prices we have very little profit after meeting the demands of the management. My own private opinion is that the bars of theatres will never do as much business as they might till they are worked by the theatre proprietor himself.

"You may grumble at getting half somebody else's bottle of soda, and being charged the full price of a fresh bottle for it, but the public has one remedy which we are perfectly ready to allow them, and that is to patronise during the interval one of the public houses or hotels which are always to be found near a theatre."

Why doesn't the public take the tip?

If they did, the managers of theatre bars would very quickly be brought to their senses.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE PERFECT DEVILS

By SIGISMUND SMITH.

They themselves admitted that they were perfect devils; at least, one of them said so, and the other, on hearing it, did not deny the fact.

The declaration took place in the saloon bar of the "Star and Sceptre." They invited the landlady to have a glass of wine with them, and the landlady, being a shrewd business woman, poured herself out a bumper, took a sip, and set the glass on a shelf behind, with the laudable intention of pouring it back into the bottle as soon as her guests were out of sight.

"We are merry fellows when we've had a little wine, you know," said Strayton.

"Yes," Mitchell replied, "but we're perfect devils when we've had a glass of whisky."

The landlady had repeated this remark to the customers in the public bar as a choice bon-mot, and next day everybody in the village knew that the two young men were perfect devils.

They worked in London and came to this quiet village to sleep and spend their Saturday afternoons and Sundays. They appeared to be in comfortable circumstances, and there had been a good deal of speculation as to what their trades or professions might be. Now the matter was settled by their own declaration, and curiosity on the point subsided.

Sometimes when making purchases at the little shop which did dual duty as the only emporium in the neighbourhood for both sweets and tobacco, they would surreptitiously remove one of the large bottles in which the merchant kept his wares upon the counter. The confectioner would in time discover his loss, and guessing where his property was, would go to the house where the devils lodged to get it again.

He was very shrewd for a village tradesman, and he always made a point of showing that he was extremely offended and injured. Then, to mollify him, the devils would give him an order for a large box of cigarettes, and so the confectioner returned to his shop with his bottle clutched to his breast and with an amiable smile.

The devils always caught a train which left the local station for London at half-past seven, at which hour the peaceful residents of this quiet hamlet were by no means all out of bed.

Now the devils, being up themselves, resented this slothfulness in others; so they sang very loudly and shouted to one another as they cycled towards the station.

The devils generally patronised the saloon bars of the few inns about the village, but occasionally, just as an index to their reckless spirit, they would invade the public bars and insist upon treating all present.

Now, if their devilry had ended here there would never have been any complaint, for their presence in the village was good for trade.

The young men of the village took out the young women every Thursday evening, for Thursday was the half-holiday, and if they were particularly fond of this sort of thing they would occasionally perambulate them on other nights as well.

The maidens recognised that the young men were doing their duty patiently and conscientiously if without enthusiasm, but the maidens, imbued as they were with the dash of novelette heroes, longed for something more romantic.

In the perfect devils they imagined they had found it.

Thus the morning rides of the devils to the railway station became a species of triumphal march, a progress of conquest. As the first notes of their melodious voices broke the rural stillness, the maidens all up the street to the station pushed their heads out of the windows and smiled encouragingly upon the devils.

Mothers wondered why their daughters should suddenly have become so energetic and should be so desirous of cleaning the front windows every morning a little before 7.30. Mistresses marvelled at the same thing in connection with their servants. But the devils were in no wise surprised; they took it as a right.

Such things go by degrees. Had they been content to rest here all might yet have been well, but the devils resolved to take matters another step forward.

There is in the village a shady road down which vehicles and bicycles seldom pass. At the sides are big trees and hedges with convenient gaps. It is the custom of the young men of the village to walk the maidens up and down this lovers' promenade once or twice, and then to draw them into some unoccupied gap, till on a Thursday evening towards nine o'clock you have considerable difficulty in finding a gap to yourself.

One evening the devils walked from one end of this cupid's paradise to the other. They were smoking Turkish cigarettes, and the aroma, being unfamiliar to the maidens, tickled their nostrils and set their hearts a-throbbing.

When the devils reached the far end of the road they turned and walked back again. About half-way down they passed a gap in which the cycle-maker's apprentice was giving the young lady from the greengrocer's some interesting information.

The subsequent action of the devils must in justice to them be attributed to some extent to the fact that the young lady said: "Ahem!"

Mitchell, who was the taller of the two, turned at the sound and observed that the young lady had not only withdrawn herself from the embrace of the apprentice but was even hanging her head demurely and tickling her chin with her forefinger in the most coy and inviting manner. Mitchell advanced towards her and asked whether she had any thought of coming for a walk.

The young lady was either too much embarrassed to speak, or else she thought it would be a waste of time; she just caught Mitchell by the arm and stepped out beside him.

The cycle-maker's apprentice felt as hot and angry as his master's enamelling oven. He dashed after the retreating figure of his sweetheart and her new lover and caught the latter a sharp blow with his closed fist on the small of the back. He would have hit higher up, but he was a very short young man. Mitchell turned round, picked him up by the coat collar and dropped him in a clump of brambles which grew conveniently near.

Strayton, with very good manners for a devil, walked a few yards behind his friend and the young lady from the greengrocer's. Now it happened that the young lady from the Post Office was taking a walk all by herself on this particular night. With that extreme respect for her own abilities which appears to be fostered in every postal clerk, she kept aloof from all the village young men, but when Strayton raised his hat to her and made some remark about the weather, she appeared to have no objections to stopping and chatting for a moment, and presently they walked off together.

That was only the beginning. The devils did not again walk out either the young lady from the greengrocer's or her of the stamps and postal orders. They had apparently read somewhere, and digested the fact, that variety is the spice of life, and so they took to perambulating the lovers' walk every evening and annexing any particular damsels on whom they might cast approving eyes.

It may reasonably be asked what the young men of the village were doing all this time. With the cycle-maker's apprentice we have already dealt. His fate was shared on different occasions by the young man at the butcher's, by the chemist's assistant, by the baker's most dashing vanman, and even by the bank-clerk, whose dignity and white collar were sorely ruffled in the process.

All of these young men had shown fight at the robbery inflicted upon them, but in no case had the devils retorted with blows; they had merely picked up their adversaries by some part of their garments and deposited them in the brambles which ornamented the lovers' walk.

The village was set by the ears. As the successive maidens were cast off by the devils they returned with tears, cheap neckties, and in one case even with an offering of chocolate to their former sweethearts, but the young men, resenting their own incapacity to cope with the devils as much as the infidelity of the damsels, refused to have anything to do with them, and so for one weary week most of the maidens moped in the house, and most of the young men gathered in the "Star and Sceptre," or in the little shop which sold lemonade and cigarettes, according to their individual fancy.

It was when the devils annexed the cook and housemaid of Greendale House that matters reached a crisis. These two young ladies were courted respectively, and more or less respectfully, by a young gardener and a young groom who were employed at the same place as themselves.

The groom had set up a good fight and had been deposited in the brambles in the usual manner, but the gardener, perhaps from his poetic association with flowers, was heartbroken at the infidelity of the housemaid, and left her to her new sweetheart without a word and betook himself home.

He was sitting on a flowerpot beside the back gate when the groom returned, and when the gardener had helped the latter to pick the brambles from those parts of his person which he could not reach, another flowerpot was fetched and the two sat down and plotted dark, dire, deep revenge.

Next evening the devils found two notes lying beside their places at the table. The communications were so extremely illiterate that we might shock our readers by reproducing them, but their lack of grammatical construction and their bad penmanship escaped the attention of the devils altogether.

They were concerned alone with the fact that the writers protested undying devotion to the two dashing cavaliers.

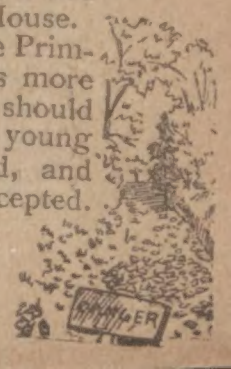
Unless the devils desired to be the cause of the pining away and final extinction of two buxom maidens, they were conjured to come to the back windows of Greendale House that very night. Neither the cook nor the housemaid could get out on any pretext owing to the fact that a large party was to be given that evening at the house.

Full directions, and even a roughly drawn map, were given in one of the letters.

The devils were informed that the back gate would be found unlocked, and they were invited to enter by it at seven o'clock precisely. All they then had to do was to walk straight along the path in front of them, and whistle softly when they got to the end of it. The young women would be on the look-out.

The devils summoned their landlady and asked what sort of party was on at Greendale House.

"It's something in connection with the Primrose League," replied that lady, "but it's more for young people than the like of me. I should think every young man and every young woman in the village has been invited, and what is more I am certain they have all accepted.



You see it's not every day that you get as much tea and lemonade and ginger beer and cakes and bananas and chocolate-cream as you like for nothing. Oh, my!" And the landlady closed her lips and swallowed, for apparently her mouth was watering at the picture her imagination drew.

The devils hurried their dinner and reached the garden gate just as the church clock struck seven.

"Upon my word," said Mitchell, as he pushed the gate open, "I never saw a place so badly kept as this is. If I were the owner I'd sack every infernal gardener. If the beastly fellows can't do their work what's the use of them? Why this walk is simply littered with cut grass and leaves."

"Never mind about the litter," said Strayton; "let's hurry up and get close to the house before we're seen."

The two devils walked forward quickly, Mitchell in front.

All of a sudden Strayton found himself standing alone.

His companion had mysteriously disappeared. Then a muffled cry attracted Strayton's attention to a large round hole that yawned in the walk before him, and presently the bedraggled head of a man appeared at the edge of it. The head was Mitchell's.

"For goodness' sake help me out of this infernal place," he said. "I am in some kind of a barrel, and the sides are so sticky and slippery that I can't get a foothold."

He was clinging to the side of the barrel farthest from the garden gate, and Strayton went round to that side to assist him. But strangely enough there was another barrel hidden in the walk just there, and, the strips of cardboard with which it had been covered giving way, Strayton also disappeared momentarily from view.

Presently he floated upwards and grabbed the edge of his barrel.

They were a very sorry pair of devils who gazed then into one another's faces, and it is doubtful when they would have succeeded in extricating themselves had not the groom and the gardener, already referred to, made a timely appearance. It says much for the magnanimity and forgiving nature of these young men that they laid two boards across the mouths of the barrels in order that the victims might scramble out.

"Great Scott!" said the groom. "This smells uncommonly like some sort of liquid manure or fertiliser."

"One of them does," said the gardener, "but the other is weed-killer. The gentleman who has fallen into it won't be much the worse, but he won't be able to get the green colour off his face for a day or two."

"Whatever possessed you to have the barrels there?" asked the groom innocently.

"Well, you see," said the gardener, "I had to find some place for them, so I sunk them in the walk. Nobody ever uses that gate, and I don't know how these gentlemen can possibly have come by their mishap."

Two very unhappy devils were standing on the edge of the lawn trying to wring some of their respective liquids from their hair and clothes.

"We had better go out the way we came in," said Mitchell.

"Oh, no, you don't," said the gardener. "I have locked the door and the key's in my pocket. The only way for you to go out is by the drive gate."

As all the young men and maidens of the village were wending their way up the drive towards the house, the passage of the two devils was for once anything but a triumphal march.

That night they settled with their landlady, and next morning they betook themselves very silently to the station, one wearing a soft felt hat with the brim turned very low down because his face was very green. They have not yet returned, and there is peace among the young men and maidens of the village.

TRICKS PLAYED ON THE NEW HAND.

The boy who has secured his first job in an office has a warm time in front of him. The other clerks will endeavour to make him ridiculous by sending him on the most absurd errands. Tartan dye, for instance, appears to be an article in great request when there is a greenhorn in the office.

The unkindest trick of all, however, is for some of the older hands to wait till the new boy is receiving instructions from the manager. They will then slip behind the manager in such a position that they are in full view of the greenhorn, and will make such ridiculous faces and grimaces that he inevitably laughs.

At a certain engineering works in Birmingham the apprentices have a stock trick which they play off on each new arrival. When he approaches a certain engine they immediately pull him off and look at him with the utmost horror.

"Good gracious!" they say. "Don't you know that the footplate all round that engine is charged with a powerful current? If you had touched it you would have been electrocuted."

The youngster thanks them, and makes a mental note that he will never on any account approach that engine. Shortly afterwards someone else tells him that part of his duty is to polish the bright fittings on this particular machine, and so he returns to his former advisers and asks them how he can do it in safety.

"Ah," one tells him, "we have had to do that, too. There is no danger if you insulate your feet. The way we always do it is to wrap a jacket round one boot and a pair of trousers round the other. If you do that the current cannot hurt you. I'll lend you my trousers if you like."

This kind offer the greenhorn declines with many thanks, and ten minutes later everyone seems to have occasion to visit this particular engine-room, where they behold the new apprentice dressed in vest and shirt, not unlike a Greek warrior, with his other garments tied about his feet, busily engaged in polishing the engine which has long since ceased to be used.

Some young workers are very green. In one shop it is the custom of the operatives to get the apprentice to turn the grindstone while they sharpen their chisels. When this operation is finished they gravely assure him that he must now turn it the other way as many times in order to unwind it again.

At those establishments where the employees live in, the newcomer is always despatched to the ladies' quarters on one pretext or another. Sometimes he is informed that it is the rule of the house to have prayers before retiring for the night.

"It is the top floor," his adviser says, "and the second door on the left. Don't knock because that would disturb the others. Simply turn the handle and walk quietly in."

In most cases the greenhorn does as he is told, but it is safe to say that he leaves the room more speedily than he enters it, for the time chosen is when the lady employees are engaged over their toilets preparatory to retiring for the night.

WM. THOMPSON.

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.

AN APPEAL FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

The chief malady of the time is a mental one, and for its cure we shall need something more powerful than all the patent pills and potions that ever entered the stomachs of a confiding public.

We are permitting our individual characters to be ground down into a generality which has been set up as a kind of unlovely model.

"I hope I love my fellow men," said a writer of unpleasant truths, "but I wish there were not so many of them!"

This feeling we have most of us experienced, and its origin is the depressing similarity of all the people we see about us. We have certain individual emotions which are interesting and sometimes noble, but we fear to exhibit them in case we should make ourselves conspicuous.

In the Strand the other day a little scavenger boy tripped and fell, cutting his forehead rather badly. He was leaning against a lamp-post, and a crowd of average Londoners were standing about him. Each was sorry for the boy's misfortune, but no one cared to render himself an object of notice by doing anything for the sufferer.

Presently a brawny Yorkshireman, with a fierce scowl and a big crop of hair, elbowed his way through the group, saw at a glance what was the matter and wiped the blood from the boy's forehead with his pocket handkerchief.

It would be difficult to say whether disgust or surprise was the more predominant feeling in the minds of the onlookers. They would willingly have contributed money for the boy's assistance had that been necessary, but they would have shrunk from depriving themselves of such a necessary adjunct as a pocket handkerchief on his behalf.

The Yorkshireman observed that the wound was not of a very serious character, and he told the boy to go home, clearing a passage for him through the crowd.

The attention of those who witnessed the incident was now divided between the disappearing boy and the good Samaritan. That the latter did not suffer pain from thus being the object of attention was a proof of the fact that his individuality was stronger than the average. His action showed up in all its hideousness the petty fears and prejudices of the others.

It is men of this stamp who relieve the greyness of modern life.

If you visit Covent Garden in the very early morning you may see there one of the gipsies from the New Forest. His face shows dark against the brilliant yellow of his neckerchief. Probably he is a rogue; certainly he is a poacher; possibly he is a thief. But he has about him an atmosphere of the woods and the pastures. There is something in his bearing more vital and spacious than the artificial makeshift which we call city life.

Take again the case of the soldier who has returned from foreign service. You can imagine him fighting or smoking or drinking, but you cannot imagine him as one of the commonplace people who are passing by.

It is the same with our sailors. Your man-o'-war's man forges his way through the crowd with some of the irresistible force of a ship in its progress through the billows. His walk is free and easy, contrasting pleasantly with the slovenly or mincing gait of the men and women of the crowd. About him is a breath of the sea and the breeze.

He is a patch of light on our picture of everyday darkness.

Take even a countryman on a visit to town. He stares at the wonders of the City in a manner that the townsman regards as pitiable and childlike, but there is a robustness of character about the whole personality of the man, and his presence unmasks the follies and the meannesses of the people whose god is conventionality and who worship it in their clothes, in their faces, in their manners, in their speech.

M. BRUCE.

A CHEAP AND ENTERTAINING SPORT.

One of the cheapest and most exciting of sports is ratting. Any farmer will allow you to rat about his buildings and hedges, and the only assistance you need is a fox terrier, a ferret and a stick.

About that same stick. Don't have a heavy one, for there is always the chance that you may hit the dog in the confusion of the moment. An old walking stick with a crook handle is an ideal weapon; you use the crook end for hitting, of course.

When you are tackling a hedge and ditch, look for the likeliest rat hole and slip your ferret into it, having first attached a string to your ferret's neck, so that you can pull him out if he refuses to come. It sometimes happens that the ferret kills a rat and gorges itself on its victim's blood. When that happens the ferret wants to sleep off the effects of its feasting, and it will not voluntarily come out till it begins to get hungry again; hence the value of the cord.

HOW TO USE THE STICK.

When your ferret disappears, station yourself at the next rat hole. After the ferret has been in a minute or two, the rat will bolt. Now is your chance for a shot at him. There is no need to swing your stick above your head, for it takes you so long to bring it down again that the rat probably escapes the blow. If you raise it somewhere about the level of your knees it will be sufficient; a quick, sharp smack does the trick.

When you have reason to believe that all the rats in a certain burrow have bolted, take out your ferret and plug the hole with a stone, for if you are going to clean the hedge systematically you do not want to give the next batch of rats a harbour of refuge to fly to. Following this principle, and working from one end of a hedge to the other, you can get through some useful and entertaining work in the course of an afternoon.

Supposing your dog misses a rat, do not give it up as lost. It is quite likely that the rat will be hiding about the roots of the hedge, or even in the branches of the bushes, for it does not care to return to the earth when it knows that there is a ferret there.

DOING WITHOUT A FERRET.

If you are not the possessor of a ferret and cannot borrow one, you can get along fairly well by poking the holes with your stick. If this does not dislodge the rats, soak some paper in paraffin and set it alight at the mouth of the hole, blowing the fumes inwards. This will generally make the rats bolt, as the odour of burning paraffin is distasteful to them.

Above all things keep perfectly still. This is a trick that dogs soon learn, for it is only a very young animal that will keep yapping while waiting for the rats to come out; the older ones understand that the quieter they remain the sooner will their prey come forth. But this fact is not always recognised by the men, and not infrequently you will find them whispering and moving about clumsily, and at the end of the day wondering why the bag is so small.

If you are working a barn or a stable, it is more than ever important that you should have a line attached to your ferret, for if he escapes he will eventually find his way to the hen-house, where he will polish off most of the roosters.

Here also you must refrain from using the paraffin dodge, as there is danger of the flame doing damage when used anywhere but in the open.

Ratting is not as a rule quite so satisfactory indoors, as there are so many places the rats can make for. They can get behind walls and under floors where all the efforts of you, your dog and your ferret will be powerless to dislodge them. You will find it best therefore to reserve the farm buildings for wet days, sticking to the hedges and ditches whenever the weather permits.

WHEN A RICK IS THRESHED.

Without any doubt the finest ratting can be had when a rick is being taken down for threshing.

Generally the whole rick is pretty evenly inhabited by the rats, but as they hear the men on the top removing the upper sheaves they begin to push downwards. When the rick stands only about a yard high, the whole colony of rats are crowded within it, and then the sport begins, as they see that it will be necessary to bolt.

This is not, of course, a one man game. Rather is it a labour for six, with as many dogs, for the rats will come out in scores.

It is a good plan to place about the rick a fence of wire netting or a close barricade of planks about a yard high. At one side leave an opening of a couple of inches and plant yourself just outside it. Inside the enclosure have all the dogs but one, and let that one be posted outside to nip any rat that may escape the others.

When the rats pour out in their shoals, some of them will escape the watching dogs. They will dash at the fence, run round it for an opening and then bolt out beside you. Under such conditions you can kill three or four rats with one blow.

THE ETHICS OF THE MATTER.

The question may be asked by the supersensitive, why should we kill rats? There is not, it may be argued, the usual sporting excuse that we want them for food. But there is the sounder reason that they are the greatest pests in the whole of the animal kingdom.

It is estimated that there are in Britain as many rats as there are men, women and children, and that they do at least ten million pounds worth of damage every year.

They eat the farmer's grain, rob his henhouse and ruin the floors of his stable. They pillage the shops of the grocer, the butcher and the baker. Worst of all they spread disease broadcast. There is no good thing that they do, but much that is evil; therefore enjoy the excellent sport of killing them without a single qualm of conscience, but with the comforting thought that your exertions are conferring a direct benefit on the less energetic part of the community.

T. W. GARDEN.

NOT UNDERDONE, PLEASE.

Eat underdone beef if you like, but avoid underdone pork as you would the pestilence.

The trichina spiralis is a parasite which takes up its abode in the flesh of pigs. It survives the death of the animal and feeds on the pork in the butchers' shops till somebody eats that pork underdone; then it leaves the dead flesh for the living muscles of the inconsiderate diner.

About a week after trichinous pork has been eaten the larvæ of the parasite have spread throughout the whole muscular tissue of the victim, causing the most acute agony. All the doctor can do is to keep up his patient's strength, and trust to luck, but the percentage of fatal cases is very high.

In Germany pork that has been smoked but never cooked is regarded as a great delicacy, with the result that trichinosis is more common in that country than anywhere else, though cases occur from time to time wherever the succulent pig is eaten.

It is a ghastly disease, but one you need not worry about provided you are careful to see that all pork you eat has been first thoroughly cooked, for that kills the parasite.

LUCK.

Fate laughs at probabilities.—LORD LYTTON.

Let us suppose that a novice backs a horse simply because its name begins with the same letter as his own, and let us suppose that it is a rank outsider, that it wins, and that his profits are consequently great.

We should say that this was a case of pure chance.

Backing horses in this way, he ought to win once in twelve times, and we simply say that his win has come first; his eleven losses are to follow. But he bets again, and again wins, and a third time he repeats the operation and wins once more.

We say that he is lucky.

It is very easy to deny the existence of luck so far as a career is concerned. There are so many other factors working side by side, that one may assert that success or failure is entirely due to them.

A man is clever, and his success does not surprise; he is lazy, and his failure causes little comment. Yet it is hard to believe that the element of good or bad luck is absent.

Take the case of Mr. Carnegie. He was a very nice little boy and saved more of his wages than he ought to have done. Then his employer, delighted with the paragon of youthful thrift, advised him how to invest his savings. He bought some shares of a speculative character and won a large sum of money. Then he invested his winnings and won again. These wins had nothing whatsoever to do with his diligence or goodness or badness; they were just lucky hits.

On the other hand, let us look at the case of Mr. Adolf Beck. To be sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for a crime he had not committed was extremely unpleasant, but the accident of mistaken identification might happen to any of us, and Mr. Beck might look upon his misfortune simply as a bit of chance. Hardly had he come out of prison, however, when he was again arrested on a similar charge.

Finally he paid £200 to a solicitor who had endeavoured to obtain compensation for the injustice inflicted upon him, but unfortunately again Mr. Beck did not know that the solicitor was at the moment in bankruptcy. He should, of course, have paid the money to the trustee of the estate, and the judge before whom the case was brought ordered him to pay the £200 a second time. The combination of these various circumstances justifies us in calling Mr. Adolf Beck an unlucky man.

Take the luck that runs in families. The Keiths, who once lived in Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire, kept the place for several generations, but a father was never succeeded by his son. From them the estate passed through various hands, but an ill-luck seemed to go with it, for in no case had the owner the satisfaction of knowing as he neared death that his son would succeed him.

Quite recently the estate was purchased by a Mr. Forbes (now Lord Leith of Fyvie). He had a son, and it was generally believed that the ill-luck which had hung about the place for so many hundreds of years would finally be exploded. Not so. Young Mr. Forbes went to South Africa at the time of the war and died there of enteric fever.

Recently Mr. Darnborough, a young American, attempted to break the bank at Monte Carlo by a new and daring system. He covered all the numbers in the first dozen, and did for a time remarkably well. Then he determined upon a final coup, and he was just about to carry out his usual procedure for extremely large stakes when the croupier called "*Rien ne va plus*," and Mr. Darnborough was obliged to leave one number uncovered.

It was precisely at that number that the wheel stopped. Chances were greatly in his favour, and he appeared to be a favourite of fortune, but just when he most needed her assistance she turned about and upset him in spite of the law of averages.

NATHAN WHITE.

LONDON: HELL

VI. VAMPIRES.

Thus I clothe my naked villainy.—RICHARD III.

From noon to midnight the restaurants, cafés and bars of Piccadilly and its vicinity are haunted by rogues dressed in purple and fine linen.

It would be inaccurate to describe them as imitation gentlemen, for in many cases they are sons of gentlemen, and have once been gentlemen themselves. Not a few have held His Majesty's commission, and many still draw half-pay as retired officers.

Some even retain, paradoxical as it may sound, some of the instincts of a gentleman. They would not dream of stealing your watch and chain, even if an opportunity presented itself for doing so with safety; they would not soil their fingers with blackmail; in their youth honour and good breeding were stamped so ineffaceably upon their characters that even a career of crime has not wholly removed the traces of these qualities.

Some of these men are scions of noble families—black sheep, but they hold their tongues as to their blue-blooded connections.

SILENCE AS TO THE PAST.

Three West-End sharps were recently being tried before the Recorder at the New Bailey for conspiring to cheat an architect and a quantity surveyor. Detective-Sergeant Carlin recounted the exploits of two of the criminals so far as their doings were known to the police. He was proceeding to relate the history of the third, Q——, when Mr. Gill interrupted: "You need not say who he is." And although several incidents of Q——'s career was recounted, his identity was not disclosed.

The quarry of the West-End vampire is the young man who has either come into money or has expectations. The sharp proves himself to be the most entertaining and pleasing of companions. He has a fund of anecdote, a merry and hearty laugh, and a pleasant way of flattering his dupe. There is nothing oily about him, nothing to make you suspect that he desires to ingratiate himself with you; his manner is of the bluff-hearty type.

The man on the market, as the West-End sharp is known to his fellow criminals, has several ways of becoming acquainted with suitable victims.

FORCING A FRIENDSHIP.

Where possible he obtains an introduction to the likely young man in the orthodox manner of being presented to him by a friend; but the crook who can obtain such introductions has to be a man with an unusually wide connection, and the usual plan is to rely on the simpler method of picking the quarry up.

This is accomplished in divers ways. The wealthy young man may be refreshing himself in a fashionable bar, when a stranger knocks over his glass apparently by accident. The stranger is extremely cut up about his awkwardness, insists on having the glass refilled at his expense, and is obviously so much annoyed with himself that the young man, out of goodness of heart, allows him to pay for the wasted liquor, and thus an acquaintanceship is begun. The whole thing seems so natural that the victim does not for a moment suppose that the stranger is a vampire; if he did, the ripening of the friendship would be seriously impeded.

At boxing contests and other sporting events the sharp is always present, and, when he has selected a young man whom he either knows or suspects to be well off, he takes his place beside him and casually remarks upon the respective

merits of the fighters. Here again the beginning of the acquaintanceship seems quite natural, and the dupe is unsuspicious.

A daring method practised only by the cleverest sharps is to force an entrance to the very best clubs. Some of these institutions have the names of a couple of thousand members on their books, many of them men who spend their time travelling or in the country, and whose visits to the club are infrequent.

It is manifestly impossible for the hall porter or the waiters to know the face of every such member, and so when the crook with an air of great assurance presents himself at the club, he is set down as one of those infrequent visitors, and his right of entry is not questioned.

In the smoking-room or at the card table he will make friends with some well-dressed but solitary young man.

SPECIALISTS IN SIN.

Most of the West-End vampires are specialists. One selects undergraduates, another green subalterns, a third young naval officers, the choice being made according to the crook's training and personal information.

It will be sufficient to take one case as illustrative. The retired-captain crook makes friends with a mere boy who has recently joined his regiment. The captain casually mentions his own rank, and refers to matters military with information so obviously of the inside variety that there can be no doubt as to the fact that he is what he represents himself to be.

Should the young subaltern have the slightest doubt upon the matter he has merely to consult the Army Lists, where he will find that the facts are as the crook represents them.

The young man of money, anxious to see life, is delighted to find such a capable guide as the captain, who takes him to the various haunts forbidden by law—gaming hells, night clubs and so forth—and the young man regards him as a benefactor.

GAMES OF CHANCE—AND CERTAINTY.

The time is now ripe for the transference of the dupe's money to the pocket of the crook. The first of the draining begins with cards. The man on the market is an expert card-sharper, and games of chance played with him become games of certainty. He encourages the dupe by letting him win once or twice, and then beats him unmercifully. The captain always seems surprised at his success, and astonished at his run of continued luck, and in this way he will secure £50 or so from his victim in the course of a week.

But £50 is small game to the successful West-End sharp. He points out to the young man that he is spending money too lavishly, and advises him to invest some part of his fortune. The dupe recognises the soundness of this counsel and thinks the more of his friend for it, but he does not know anything about finance, and has no idea as to what constitutes a good investment.

The man on the market can supply the necessary information. The scheme in which he advises his victim to sink money depends largely upon his special knowledge. The sharp who has made a study of racing, recommends the victim to purchase a racing stud, and volunteers to organise and manage it for him.

It may be that the sharp has studied the motor-car business, and consequently advises his pigeon to go in for that. Possibly he knows something about the management of hotels, and urges the other to buy one.

Whatever be the particular business chosen, the result is the same.

The hotel is fitted up by a firm whose bill is settled by the crook for £1,000, although the account sent in to the dupe shows the cost to be £5,000. The £4,000 thus overcharged is shared between the crook and the shady firm.

Horses and motor-cars are bought at fabulous figures, are eventually pronounced by the crook to be deficient in some respect, and are sold again on his advice. He knows of a purchaser, and the article changes hands for a tenth of its value, the crook himself under a different name being the purchaser.

All this cannot go on for long. The young man loses taste for the racing stable, the motor business or the hotel, more because of the worry of it than because of the drain on his purse, and so he decides to get rid of it.

BLEEDING THE VICTIM.

The crook assures him that the time chosen is a bad one for selling off, and so the young man is not surprised at the insignificance of the price he gets. The crook disposes of the concern to a fellow conspirator who sells it again at a huge profit, and they share the pluckings between them.

So it goes on till at length the young man finds himself in financial difficulties. If his money is actually done the captain picks a quarrel with him and cuts the acquaintanceship, but the pigeon worth plucking has generally expectations of a substantial nature, and so the sharp introduces him to a money-lender who charges cent per cent, and who, unknown to the young man, gives the crook a substantial present for introducing a good customer.

It may be in a month, it may be in a year, but eventually the dupe finds himself penniless. Then he emigrates, enlists in the Army as a ranker, or commits suicide. His fate arouses no twinge of conscience on the part of the crook.

Generally the captain manages to get his victim to introduce him to several other wealthy young men before the crash comes, and so he builds up a connection like any tradesman.

RAPID METHODS.

The method outlined is the one adopted by the crook when he can get a suitable pigeon, but his money soon goes, for he is ruthlessly blackmailed by the proprietors of the restaurants and cafés he frequents; he is obliged to share his gains with them on the penalty of being forbidden entry to the place; besides this his tastes are extravagant, and the time comes when the vampire finds it necessary to make some money at once.

His schemes now are less delicate, but more rapid in development.

Making acquaintance with a stranger in the usual way, he invites him to have a drink, and when the stranger is not looking, he drops some laudanum into his liquor from a tiny receptacle concealed in the heavy ring he wears.

As soon as his victim is insensible, the crook explains to the barmaid that his friend has been drinking too much, and takes him away in a cab, unsuspected by the policeman, who assists him to carry his burden across the pavement.

In the cab the crook ransacks his pockets, robs him of his valuables, and, if he has a cheque book, writes out in his own favour a cheque for a large amount, which he will cash through some tradesman.

THE BITERS BIT.

It happens sometimes that the crook is beaten at his own game.

Captain S—— son of a wealthy banker, and now an officer with a distinguished record, came to London very green at the age of twenty. The crooks found out his father's position, and took him in hand.

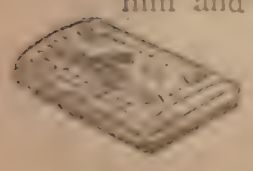
They drained him in the usual way and finally turned him over to a money-lender. After six months of a life of unbounded extravagance, the young man's doings became known to his father, and the latter journeyed to town and fetched him away.

The banker now took the matter in hand, and made his son repudiate all signatures, which, being a minor, he was legally entitled to do.

The ethics of his action are a matter of opinion, but the lesson received by the crooks and the money-lender was sharp and well deserved.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]



TICKETS TO NOD

FOR SLEEPLESS PASSENGERS ONLY.

The prime cause of sleeplessness is mental activity after one has gone to bed. When you stretch yourself in bed you are very much tempted to think out some problem that requires solution; the relaxation of all the muscles produces an unconsciousness of the body, leaving the mind in a particularly fit condition.

You know that, by tackling a problem just then, you are as likely to get a good solution to it as at any time, and so you determine to devote the first five minutes in bed to thinking.

You are lucky if the five minutes do not become five hours.

The habit of thinking in bed, and thus inducing insomnia, becomes after a time involuntary. It replaces the habit of sleeping at once, for sub-consciously your brain informs itself that the time for repose has not yet come.

To conquer this, your best plan is to sit down before you take off your clothes, calmly review any matter which you feel must have your consideration, and then dismiss it from your mind.

Following this plan you will go to bed with nothing that demands thought, and you must determine that you have come to bed to sleep and not to lie a-thinking.

SPECTRES OF THE PILLOW.

It ought to be remembered that thinking in bed is apt to become a very unpleasant process. For the first few minutes the brain is bright and clear, and the problems facing you yield up their solution.

But during the sleeplessness which almost inevitably follows, the worries are magnified a thousandfold, till they hover about your pillow like ogres. Life seems then unbearable, failure appears inevitable, you imagine that physically and mentally you are not sufficiently strong for the battle of life, and the entertaining of such thoughts inevitably has a bad influence on your work next day.

In most cases of insomnia the procedure outlined above will be found to be a remedy, but in others the person concerned may discover that he is unable to banish the thoughts of the day from his mind. He must then seek outside assistance.

A dull book in which there are no problems to worry over will answer admirably. It will take your thoughts from the labours of the day that has passed and from the cares of the morrow, and, thus clearing your mind of weighty matters, it makes things ready for the coming of sleep. The book, however, must never be taken to bed. Read it before you turn in.

HOT BOTTLES.

Sometimes it is a physical condition which keeps away slumber.

Cold feet, for example, may keep you awake during that precious period, the first five minutes, when the soundness of your slumber for the night is settled. The old ladies' remedy, a warm bottle, should be tried.

Going to bed on an absolutely empty stomach is another fallacy. A cutlet and a glass of claret, or some biscuits and a glass of milk, taken twenty minutes before retiring will give the digestive organs something to do without overburdening them, and will draw the blood to them from the brain.

Much the same effect is produced by a warm bath, though in a more marked degree.

The heat of the water draws the blood to the body and away from the head and thus induces a peaceful slumber. The drowsy effect of bathing in salt water has been experienced by every swimmer; but as a cure for insomnia a dip in the briny is out of the reach of most of us. A handful of salt in your bath is a very fair makeshift.

Exercise before retiring not only draws the blood from the brain, but, if intelligently done, distracts the attention from the worries of the day to the proper carrying out of the exercises. On no account should one get into bed while the heart is still beating quickly after exercise; time should be allowed for this organ to regain its normal pace.

You are much more likely to sleep soundly if you go to bed with a certain feeling of freshness than if you are in an exhausted condition. The mind that is worn out begins to recover after a few minutes in bed, and it starts working. The brain, on the other hand, that has still a certain amount of freshness is more under the control of the individual.

THE NIGHTLY BRUSH-UP.

The production of this freshness is largely a matter of the correct execution of the nightly toilet. One should at least wash the face and, if the body does not also get a dip, it should be rubbed down. On no account should any garment that has been worn during the day be kept on at night. The teeth should be properly cleaned and the hair brushed. When these things are attended to, there will ensue a pleasant reaction, and slumber will be the sweeter and its beginning more rapid.

Should these simple precautions be insufficient, the victim of insomnia may with advantage try an electric battery. A small battery and shocking coil are inexpensive, and the current should not be strong. When it has passed through the body for some time you will find that it has, by stimulating the skin and the nerves immediately below it, drawn the blood to the body and away from the head, and has thus produced a distinctly soporific effect.

The pressure of the bedclothes is occasionally the cause of insomnia, and many a victim of chronic sleeplessness has obtained repose by supporting the bed covering on one of those cradles which are used in hospitals in cases of fractured limbs.

TRY A SMOKE.

The use of drugs is never to be advocated. Nicotine, however, is such a mild form of drug that we may make an exception in its favour. Smoking immediately before retiring is not very healthful, but in cases of pronounced insomnia it may be highly beneficial by quieting the nerves. I have known some men who could court slumber only by taking to bed with them an empty pipe and sucking it diligently till they dropped off.

When one wakes in the middle of the night a period of sleeplessness is likely to ensue. Various remedies are suggested such as the repetition of poetry, the counting of imaginary sheep and so forth, but, if you find that slumber holds itself afar off, you should get up, walk about the room for a pace or two, have a drink of water and go back to bed. The very effort of getting up, and the air bath which you thus obtain, will generally have the desired effect.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.

THE BISHOP'S BASHING.

Dr. Burton, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, is fond of telling this little story of his schooldays.

"Burton," said the teacher one day, "you are talking, sir. Stand out!"

And out to the floor went the boy, but when he saw the master advancing, cane in hand, the primeval instinct of self-preservation asserted itself.

"Please, sir," he said, "I wasn't talking."

The master thought deeply for a moment.

"Were you ever in the Big Wood without getting caught?" he finally demanded.

Now the Big Wood was out of bounds, and his sense of truth prompted young Burton to answer in the affirmative.

"Then," said the master, "you'll get it for that."

And the thrashing was duly administered.

SEA POACHING.

Night was our friend.—DRYDEN.

You can't call them thieves, because the laws they are breaking are different from all other property laws.

The fishery authorities have enacted that trawling shall be illegal within three miles of the coast; there is no special cause for grumbling at that, for the rule applies to British and foreign boats alike. But it has also been decreed that there shall be no trawling in the Moray Firth.

Now the trawl skipper regards this as a piece of gross injustice, for our gunboats cannot interfere with a foreign vessel dragging in the very richest parts of the Firth, provided it keeps three miles from land. The law therefore means that a foreigner can fish there with impunity, but a British boat does so at the risk of forfeiture of her nets and gear, besides the imposition of a heavy fine.

The purpose of the law is to reserve an unmolested breeding place for the fish, but that is an aspect which the skipper does not trouble himself about. It is sufficient that he can summon a plausible excuse for the convincing of his friends, and of his own conscience when it becomes tender.

And he fishes there, not as a protest against the law's inequalities, but because the Firth is always full of fish owing to the miles of slanting coast line which guide them into it.

It is at night that the trawler replenishes her fish-wells from these forbidden waters. Off Buchan Ness, perhaps, the fishery gunboat was sighted as darkness was falling, but there came no challenge, for the trawler was apparently bound for the deep waters that lie between the Shetlands and Iceland, a blameless mission.

When the skipper is half across the mouth of the Firth, however, he veers to the west, drops his trawl and steams slowly onwards, farther and farther into the illicit hunting-ground.

Gradually his speed slackens, for the net is growing visibly heavy, and presently he rings for the vessel to stop and calls the hands on deck to haul the trawl aboard.

They work as silently as may be, and not a light is showing. The night is black and thick and they have small fear of interruption.

Then without the slightest warning a searchlight sweeps across the waters till it rests upon them, and there it remains stationary. A shot sends the spray dancing a hundred yards in front of them. It is the gunboat's warning that flight is useless.

The vessel of law and order has been following them at a safe distance, and her sudden announcement of her presence leaves the skipper no alternative but surrender. He will be towed to the nearest port, his gear will be confiscated, and next morning the local magistrate will sentence him to pay a substantial fine. If, as is often the case, he has been poaching with the sanction of his owners, he will recover from them the amount of the fine, but that is a matter of private arrangement.

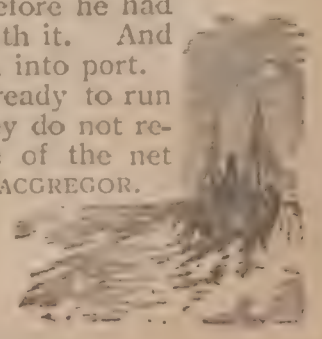
There is one old skipper who is nicknamed by his friends Eely Tom, in consideration of his slipperiness when the gunboat tries to catch him. Time and again he has slunk off through the fog after being ordered to lie to.

He has been caught just once. The gunboat swooped down upon him and was so close before he saw her that escape seemed hopeless. Then while Tom parleyed, keeping the number of his boat carefully covered up the while, a fog spread across the sea from landwards and hid the gunboat from view.

Tom rang for full steam ahead and steered a course well away from where he had last seen his pursuer; but unluckily for him the gunboat also had changed its course, and before he had gone very far he all but collided with it. And so it came about that he was towed into port.

The reason why skippers are so ready to run the risk of being caught is that they do not receive wages but get a percentage of the net profits instead.

DONALD MACGREGOR.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE RIDE HOME

By FORBES CROMBIE.

Anthony Locke was short in stature, with ridiculously bowed legs and an extremely pallid face. He had a cast in his eyes—you could not say in which, for it varied from time to time. His mouth looked as if it had been specially designed for licking the flaps of wide envelopes; above it he wore a scrubby black moustache, which had vacant places here and there; but this covering failed to hide his prominent canine teeth, which peeped from beneath it in all their malignancy.

Such being Mr. Locke's personal appearance, one might have excused the fair sex for reserving its coveted attentions for others, but he made no such allowance.

He believed that he was a lady-killer in very deed, and woe betide the unhappy man who might be more favoured by any damsel on whom Anthony cast his spells.

The cycle club of which Anthony was an unclubable member, had come out to Reading one Saturday afternoon, and they had just entered a certain tea-shop in a body, when Anthony espied a ruddy faced and perky waitress whom he immediately determined to enslave.

There were better looking men in the club than Anthony, and the girl did not appear to notice him at all. He therefore took the opportunity of detaining her in conversation when she came to his table, but she cut the talk as short as the commonest courtesy would allow, and during it she looked at him with what anyone but himself would have described as disgust.

He watched her as she stopped at the captain's table, and observed her bestowing those smiles which had been refused to himself.

They were not so much directed upon the captain as upon Andrew Medworth, who sat beside him. This young man had that exuberance of spirits which appeal to most people, and he was now rattling off some nonsense to the waitress, to her huge delight.

Anthony bit one end of his scrubby moustache and frowned. He would show them all that he was the man women liked. He slipped out of the tea-shop at an early opportunity, made for a fruiterer's and invested all the cash he had with him in the purchase of a box of peaches and a choice bunch of flowers.

On his return he went up to the counter and made his presentation to the waitress. She thanked him effusively and even smiled upon him, but the next thing she did was most tactless. She took the box of peaches to the table where the captain and his three companions were sitting, and gave them one each.

Her second mistake was not her own idea. Anthony distinctly heard Medworth ask her for a button-hole, and he observed her pinning one of the finest blooms into his coat, nor did she hurry unduly over the process.

Anthony himself had by this time returned to his own table, where he sat thinking bitter things. He had never liked Medworth, because their characters were so essentially different, the one hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, the other taciturn and vindictive.

The animosity had so far been latent, but now it took an acute form. Anthony had spent all the money he possessed at the moment in endeavouring to win the approval of this particular Hebe, and he had failed; Medworth had apparently succeeded without any effort or expenditure, and Anthony Locke hated him for it.

By and by a start was made back for London. Anthony rode behind and alone, for nobody cared much for his immediate company. The others, however, were non-existent so far as he was concerned, his thoughts for the moment being centred upon Medworth, whom he could see through the cloud of dust riding beside the captain in the front of the crowd.

Medworth's bicycle was exactly the same make as Anthony's, the wheels were the same size, the gears were identical, his was just as clean and as well-oiled as his enemy's, and he was convinced in his own mind that he was superior to Medworth in muscle as in all things else.

Why therefore could he not keep up with the leaders? It was a problem to which he could offer no solution.

He had even gone to the expense of buying an elaborate pneumatic saddle in the hope that it would enable him to ride with the best of them, but even with its assistance he still lagged behind.

By the time they reached Ascot darkness was coming down, and there was a freshness in the air that boded a coming shower. When they got to the steep hill at Egham, the rain had begun to fall sharply, and cycling capes were unrolled and donned.

At Staines someone suggested that they should shelter for a while in a public house, in the hope the rain would go off, for some of the riders, including Anthony Locke, were unprovided with capes.

Anthony entered with the others. He had not a penny left after his purchases of flowers and fruit, but somebody else would probably pay for drinks. It was unfortunate that Medworth should have been the person who elected to do so. He paid for drinks all round, and Anthony Locke's beer tasted like vinegar, because his enemy had given it to him.

After violent exercise there comes a certain exaltation of feeling that is productive of laughter and good-fellowship. Long before the glasses were empty, the roof of the bar-room rang with the applause at some humorous story which Medworth was relating with much gusto.

Anthony wondered how men could be such fools as to laugh at a trivial thing like that. For his own part he could not stand it. He hated Medworth's voice. He would go outside to avoid it.

The shower was now past and the road smelt fresh. Anthony looked about him, ground his teeth at the laughter that penetrated the closed door, and then conceived an idea.

He pondered over it for a while and finally determined to put it into practice before his companions should come out.

He went to his own tool-bag and unearthed his bolt keys; then he crossed to the fence at the other side of the yard where Medworth's bicycle stood. His keys fitted his enemy's bicycle, for, as he knew, the two machines were identical in all respects except the saddles.

He worked diligently and with as little noise as possible, slackening the bolts that secured the front wheel to the forks and loosening the nut that held the chain together.

He had just finished this part of his work when he heard the door of the tavern open and close. An elderberry bush made it impossible for him to see the door from where he stood, but he heard no footsteps and presumed that someone had simply looked out to see whether the rain had stopped.

He bent down again and slackened the nuts of the hind wheel, but it seemed to him that he could hear someone moving behind the hedge, and he thought he heard a muttered exclamation. He listened intently, but all was silence again, and he put it down to the state of his nerves.

He took a pin from the lapel of his coat, and jabbed it delicately into each of his enemy's tyres. Then he listened and smiled as he heard the gentle blowing of the punctures.

It had been artistically done, and the tyres would carry for a mile or so. After replacing his keys in his own tool-bag he returned to the public-house, where in the exuberance of his satisfaction he accepted a drink from another member.

He had just finished it when the door opened, and Medworth and the captain came in. The latter stood another round of drinks, and again Anthony profited.

Presently a move was made, for the news had been brought that the rain had ceased, and the men filed out to find their bicycles and make for home. Anthony smiled as he watched Medworth take his bicycle and set off with the captain, unsuspicious of coming disaster.

Anthony's handle-bars seemed to wobble uncomfortably, but this, he assured himself, was probably the result of the unaccustomed liquor he had consumed. He made the best of things, steering as straight as possible, and had just covered something like a mile when he felt that unpleasant grating sensation that indicates that you are riding on the rims.

He dismounted and felt his tyres; both were flat.

This was particularly hard luck, for he had been looking forward to seeing Medworth mending punctures by the roadside.

Now there was no help for it but that he himself should unhitch his lamp, and by its light mend a puncture in each tyre. Some of the others who had waited for an extra drink overtook him during the operation, and asked him if he had a puncture, but no one volunteered to stop with him.

It would be a solitary ride home, for the club would be on the outskirts of London before the punctures were mended.

The covers were harder to detach than he had ever known them to be, and they were almost equally difficult to put on again, but at length, with sore fingers and an aching back, he found to his satisfaction that he had made good the damage.

Once more he mounted and set off. He was feeling as sober now as ever he had done in his life, but the handle-bars wobbled more than ever. He was on the point of dismounting to investigate, when there came a sharp click, a sound of metal running over metal, and the noise of something heavy falling behind him.

His pedals became free of movement, as he had never known them to be before, and he realised that he had lost his chain. Getting off, he wheeled his machine to where the chain lay stretched upon the roadway. The bolt that kept the two ends together was gone, and, search as he might, he could discover neither it nor its nut anywhere.

Over his journey back to town it is kindest to draw a curtain. Suffice it that he arrived at four o'clock in the morning, aching in every limb, wet through and extremely unhappy. He stripped off his clothes and threw himself into bed, and he seemed to have been sleeping only five minutes when the landlady knocked at his door and pushed a letter beneath it.

It was addressed to him in the writing of the club captain, and it read:

"Dear Sir.—Medworth and I yesterday observed you unscrewing the bolts of his machine and puncturing his tyres. When you returned to the public-house we therefore put his machine where yours had been standing, and replaced his saddle with your own one, which is the only point of difference between the machines.

"We took the precaution of putting the contents of your tool-bag into his, so that you were scarcely likely to discover the exchange.

"If you have had an unpleasant journey home you have only yourself to thank for it. Medworth will return your bicycle at any time, provided you produce his in as good repair as it was before you damaged it. In any case I must ask you to resign immediately from the club."

Anthony Locke covered his head with the bedclothes and groaned in agony.

Pets for Pleasure and Profit.

PIGEONS.

A pair of pigeons will give their owner nine pairs of youngsters a year, and will keep this up for four years on end. The profit is obvious.

To the farmer and the cottager a dovecote is a place which receives no attention, for its inmates search for their own grub, his sole concern with them being the fact that they supply him with material for a toothsome pie; but the fancier would shrink in horror from such a course.

To him the pigeon is a thing of beauty, and its sole utility is the selling of it to other fanciers. To the townsman who contemplates pigeon keeping this latter view is the right one, for if you have to feed your stock artificially you must have more profit out of them than the mere furnishing of your table.

Amongst the best birds are the fantail, the pouter, the homer and the dainty tumbler and nun.

In the case of valuable pigeons the most satisfactory plan is to breed them in a shed, the only entrance to which is one big door.

When they are to have exercise you open this, let them have a fly and shut them up again; there is thus no danger from cats.

Where the pigeons are to have more liberty they should be supplied with a dovecote standing well away from all other buildings and perched on a pole, the floor of it being so wide that a cat could not round the angle; failing this a hole may be cut in the wall of a shed or stable and fitted with a balanced landing-flap, which, though it bears the weight of the pigeon, will immediately fall down with that of a cat.

FOR COUNTRY READERS.

Several of the smaller animals and birds may be profitably kept and bred by the man who has a bit of ground. Pheasants, for instance, will fetch half-a-guinea apiece at the lowest, and they are fairly prolific.

Rabbits, again, may be profitably bred on a piece of land too barren to repay the culture of crops. A small warren may be fenced in with rabbit netting at small cost. One acre will produce from 150 to 200 rabbits, which sell at 10s. a dozen, giving you a very fair return for your outlay and time.

Goats cost very little to buy—30s. for a nanny and kids being a fair price—and they serve three useful purposes. The milk is specially valuable, invalids paying a high price for it; the goat eats various meadow plants which would be injurious to cattle; if kept in a stable it will take any disease to which the horses in that stable would be liable, and consequently it furnishes a warning which saves the owner many a valuable horse.

CANARIES.

There are hundreds of small tradesmen in Norwich who make from £10 to £20 a year by the breeding and sale of canaries. If this hobby appeals to you, you will be well advised to purchase good birds, and see to it that both cock and hen are of the same type. The beginner should not attempt to cross a Belgian with a Scotch.

Ten days after pairing the canary lays, generally four or five eggs; it is best to take each away as it is laid until the arrival of the fourth, when they are to be replaced in the nest. The period of incubation is thirteen days.

When the young birds begin to peck for themselves they should be removed to a flight cage, leaving the old pair to breed again. While they are rearing youngsters you should feed them chiefly on a diet of biscuit crumbs and hard-boiled egg. To obtain the coveted orange coat, add a little cayenne pepper to your canaries' food.

The canary is a great imitator, and the easiest way to teach it to sing is to whistle to it on a bird warbler or a flute. The most valuable canaries are taught by being made to listen to nightingales. The main thing is to set up an element of rivalry; even the whirr of a sewing machine helps to provoke a bird to melody.

A canary can be taught various pretty tricks with patience and a system of rewards, a piece of fig being a dainty it appreciates particularly.

MICE.

The keeping of mice is one of the very cheapest hobbies, but, if the strains chosen to start with are well selected, the profits are large.

You can pay 6d. apiece or £1 apiece; at the latter price, of course, you are more likely to get progeny worth something, but for mere amusement cheap mice are every bit as good. A white buck and a blue doe will give you a stock of beautifully coloured mice.

It is a great mistake to house the mice in small cages. There should be one large box—a sugar box is admirable—the front of which is fitted with a pane of glass. What is the good of mice if you cannot see them?

To the sides of the mouse gymnasium nail cigar boxes, divided into two, fixed on the outside and entered from the main box by little holes. The gymnasium itself should be fitted with a plentiful supply of small shelves, sloping sticks and lengths of rope hung from the roof.

Let the mice have a wheel of the treadmill pattern. It should be fixed on the top of the big box and entered by a trap door with a rope as a staircase. The competition of the colony to get first shot at the wheel is extremely amusing.

Keep the box scrupulously clean.

Feed them chiefly on oats, bread and milk, giving them the milk in separate dishes, preferably heavy, so as not to be readily upset, and, of course, shallow. Let them have a little in the morning, but make the main feeding just after dark.

Mice are liveliest at that time, and if you put a piece of lighted candle inside their gymnasium you will have a solid hour's entertainment watching their antics.

Handle them and get them tame. Some mice are pluckier than others, but you will always have one or two which will come to investigate as soon as you slide back the glass and insert a finger. Feed these favourites off your hand till they know you thoroughly and lose all fear.

It is advisable when they breed to remove the does to separate quarters. If their nest is accessible to the other mice the young are very likely to be killed.

FISH.

There was at one time a belief amongst fanciers that goldfish could only live and breed in water that was kept warm, but this notion has been exploded by the success of a breeding aquarium at Sudbury where goldfish multiply by thousands in ponds exposed to all the rigours of our climate.

The goldfish is most prolific in ponds where there is a discharge of steam from a factory, but fish so reared are delicate and liable to suffer when changed to a house aquarium. In purchasing goldfish, therefore, endeavour to obtain specimens that have been bred in ponds not artificially heated.

Never empty an aquarium and fill it up with fresh water, for the change gives the fish a severe shock. Take a piece of glass tubing and hold it in a gas flame till you can bend it near the middle so as to represent the letter U. At one end fit a tap or even a cork; place the tube over the edge of the aquarium so that the other end dips to the bottom, and then suck through the tap end till the water comes over the syphon.

By placing a bucket beneath the exposed end of the tube, and filling in clean water from another bucket at the same time, you change the water gradually and effectually.

You do not require to suck the tube again if you turn the tap or plug the end so that the U part remains filled with water. If this is properly arranged, you need only turn the tap next time to run the water off.

From any pond or stream you can obtain a collection of water plants, small eels, water snails and water beetles. Put a couple of inches of clean sand in the bottom of the tank and insert the plants in this, carefully removing any that do not thrive.

Change the water daily and at least once a week remove all the livestock and sponge the inner side of the glass thoroughly to take off the green deposit.

Feed your fish on ants' eggs, flies and hard-boiled eggs cut fine. The only disease you have to look out for is fish fungus. When it appears the fish must be removed, the fungus wiped off and the patient placed away from the others in a tank by itself till it is better.

SQUIRRELS.

If you are going to have any satisfaction in keeping a squirrel you must get him young, as old ones are hard to tame. By far the best form of cage is one made by yourself, and fixed half way up one of the trees in the garden so that part of the trunk, some of the branches and a little foliage is enclosed in the netting. One corner should contain a box in which the squirrel can sleep.

He should not always be confined to this cage, however comfortable it may be, but should be fed and handled till he is quite tame; he may then be allowed to hop about first in the house and afterwards in the garden itself. When the squirrel has got to know its owner thoroughly he will not attempt to run away but will come when called for.

Feed your squirrel on nuts and oats, allowing him also an occasional carrot or some green peas. Remember too that he does not confine himself to vegetables and will be grateful for a small mouse.

RABBITS.

At the present time there is a boom in rabbits, wealthy fanciers paying as much as £20 for a rabbit of special marking and beauty. To breed rabbits for profit it is advisable to pay at least £1 for a buck and a doe, but your money soon comes back, for they breed from five to seven times a year, producing six to eight at a litter.

In rabbit keeping for pleasure, endeavour to give the rabbit as far as possible natural surroundings. An ideal habitation is a small run fenced off with wire netting, having a mound in the centre and a hutch perched on the top. The entrance to this hutch is subterranean, a hole being cut in the floor and opening upon a tunnel leading from the mound to the run.

This plan enables you to feed the rabbit without putting the hay and vegetables into the hutch itself, where they are apt to be trodden down and wasted.

One year I brought up litter after litter of rabbits in a large cold frame which stood in the garden. I put the doe in this frame to let her eat some grass which had grown in it, and she promptly dug herself a burrow, where the next morning when I put in my hand I found half-a-dozen youngsters. She and they throve admirably and appeared to enjoy their return to nature.

Norman Poole.

AT THE THROTTLE.

A SKETCH.

With one hand on the throttle and the other on the reverse lever he stands looking calmly and steadily into the darkness in front.

He is a man of middle-age, for it has taken him many years to work up to the dignity of driving a mile-a-minute train; yet he has the strength of a young man, while he has none of a young man's rashness.

He lifts one hand for a moment, and a shrill greeting breaks the silence as the train dashes past a lonely signal cabin. The man at the throttle sees the signalman standing at the window, outlined against the light behind him.

He knows what the other is thinking, that the train may never reach the end of its journey in safety. But signalmen have not the nerve of drivers. How should they?

A mile further on—a minute later—they overtake an easy going local, and pass it in a flash.

Some day our driver will himself be working a local, for his nerve will give under the strain. He admits this fact if you put it to him, for he knows what has been the fate of every fast train driver before him, but he does not think of it. He is not of a meditative temperament.

His one thought is his immediate work. Every mile of the track throws back to him its particular echo. Here there are rocks on either side, which multiply the roar of the train; there, on the flat, the rails are given to roaring; here there should be points, and if all is well he will feel the jerk of the engine as it takes them.

Once he did not feel that jerk.

The train continued on the same track, and it had run half a mile before he realised it. Then he shut off steam, twisted back the sand lever, put on the air brake, and reversed the engine, kicking open the cylinder cocks just in time to save the cylinder head from being blown off.

In front of him, not fifty yards down the track, appeared the red rear lights of a goods train. For a moment he had felt impelled to hand his engine over to the fireman, but he forced himself back on the footplate, and his nerve came again to him.

It is still firm as steel, but he will strike any man who recalls the incident of that night, for the memory of it sickens him. It was his only meeting with fear, the thing that will one day part him and the engine he loves.

And he does love it—"her," he would say, for to him the engine is a living thing. He sees to its stoking and oiling as a man would to the comfort of a favourite horse. There is always a strange fascination in a magnificent machine, but our driver does not know that, for, as I said, he is not of a contemplative temperament. All he knows is that he loves it.

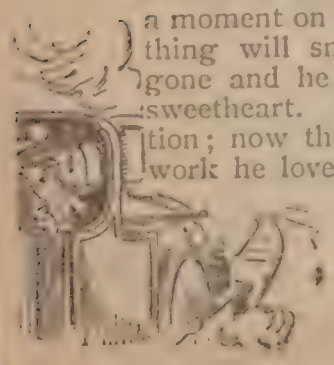
Now he listens as the cinders crackle on the roofs of the carriages behind him. He glances upwards at the smoke; it is too black, and the fireman is called to book. If the stoking is done like this they will lose a minute on the journey, in spite of the fact that the driver has himself cut a quarter of an inch off the ferrule of the safety valve, thus removing the utility of that excellent invention but increasing the pressure of steam.

In spite of the heat and the smell of oil, the driver's nose is active. There comes to him the peculiar whiff of grease that is being burnt by friction. He sends his fireman to lubricate the affected crank, and the fireman, being less experienced, wonders how his chief knew that lubrication was necessary.

He is a man with a divided heart. Part of it is in the safe keeping of his wife away back in London; the rest, the larger portion, is with the engine, whether he is on it or miles away.

Some day his time will come. He will take a curve too sharply and the train may hover for a moment on the brink of disaster. Then something will snap within him; his nerve will be gone and he will have to say good-bye to his sweetheart. Then there will be but the recollection; now there is the actual joy of doing the work he loves.

FREDERICK AULD.



MY NOTEBOOK.

MY INNER SELF. So many readers have written to me, asking questions as to my likes, dislikes, pastimes and so forth, that I am tempted, against my better judgment, to gratify or shock them by a bit of self-revelation.

To begin with, I fear I am not an editor of the conventional type—for one thing I am rather too young to correspond with the ideal that most people have of the occupant of an editorial chair.

Possibly that fact may be some extenuation for the following confessions.

We have heard much of dual personalities, and I am sometimes inclined to think that I am the possessor of one. In my office I am a stern man of business, and I find it difficult on a working day to believe that it was really myself who went through the week-end experiences which force themselves on my memory at the most inopportune moments.

WEEK-END JOYS. Since the establishment of THE MODERN MAN my every hour has been filled with labour—every hour, I mean, except the sacred time that lies between noon of Saturday and Monday morning. During that brief period I see to it that I am free.

What do I do then?

One of two things. Sometimes I get on a horse and take a bee-line across country, skimming the hedges, breathing God's own clean air—living!

Other times I take an express train to the south coast, loaf on a seat on the front till dusk, and then prepare to enjoy myself.

As the stars come out I charter a boat—sometimes a row-boat, sometimes a motor one—and I steer out towards the lights of the ships on the Channel, never turning till the lamps of the town I have left are but specks.

REAL LIFE. Life is very good just then, but better when a heavy sea is running—then it is joy condensed.

Over the gunwales come the lapping waves, ready to swamp the boat, and it is only by careful steering that you can hope to avoid disaster.

Then—with the wind singing in my ears, and the spray dashing on my cheeks—I forget that such a thing as a printing machine was ever made.

Fear? It is not obtrusive, for I am a strong swimmer. Besides, even if the worst happened, it would not be so very hard to bid good-bye to the world under these conditions; at such a time you feel the mystery of life and the majesty of it; the matter of money-making seems trivial and remote.

That is the manner of man I am, and these are my private joys.

HORSES AND NOISE. A horse-loving reader in Birmingham writes to tell me that he has recently had a stable built in his garden against the gable of a neighbour's house. The neighbour is a fidgety person, and objects very much to the sound of my reader's horse stamping on the floor of the stable; he threatens legal proceedings unless the horse is removed, and my friend wants to have my advice.

I should say the best thing to do is to take no notice of this neighbour's protest. I recollect reading some little time ago of a similar case which came before Mr. Fordham at the North London police court.

In this case the complainant said there were six horses in the stables and that the noise they made seemed to come from beneath his very bed. Mr. Fordham told him that he could deal with the cock-crowing nuisance provided three neighbours joined in making a complaint, but he was powerless to prevent a man from keeping a horse anywhere he liked, provided, of course, the sanitary arrangements were in order.

The noise of a stamping horse, like any other noise, ceases to be observed after a bit, and, until this happy development takes place, the neighbour will have fine practice in exercising his will power and self-restraint.

BLACKMAIL. It is my custom to put all anonymous letters in the wastepaper basket, but one which lies before me cannot, I feel, be dismissed in that manner, because the writer's reason for concealing his identity is evident.

He signs himself "Pat," and he sent his letter to Mr. Stuart Freeman, because he felt that the writer of the article "Blackmail," which recently appeared in our "London Hell" series, might be able to help him. Mr. Freeman has given me the letter to deal with.

If I reproduced it here I should shock and disgust my readers. It is enough to say that one evening as my correspondent was returning from a theatre he was accused by a blackmailer with having committed a horrible and revolting crime—the one they always allege, because it is the last that a man would care to be thought guilty of.

The wretch demanded money from my correspondent as he stood in front of the house. As the door was about to be opened, "Pat" gave him eighteen pence to get rid of him. Since then—and that was three years ago—my reader's life has been made unbearable by the constant exactions of the blackmailer. "With this awful persecution," he writes, "I am nearly driven mad."

I need scarcely say that I am convinced that "Pat" is absolutely innocent of the charges levelled against him; his only mistake has been in ever paying the blackmailer a farthing. Had I been in his place, I should have given the scoundrel a most terrific thrashing the first time he spoke to me—I hope I should not have killed him outright, but it is possible I might have done so, and the community would not have been poorer by the loss of him.

Apparently my correspondent is not a disciple of physical force, or he would have used it long since. Under the circumstances he must write to the Commissioner of Police at Scotland Yard, giving him all particulars of the case. The arrest and imprisonment of the blackmailer—without publicity to my reader—ought to follow immediately. If the Commissioner does not take instant action, "Pat" must let me know. I shall do my best to help him.

Why don't the police get these pests off the streets? They would be better employed doing so than hustling, as they do, the poor wretches who seek a moment's rest on the Embankment.

SUBTLETIES OF ETIQUETTE. I am constantly receiving inquiries from readers regarding points of etiquette, and most of them I am able to elucidate. It seems to me that the main thing in etiquette is kind-heartedness.

If you are naturally kind-hearted, it is unlikely that you will commit any rudeness, and it is for the prevention of rudeness that etiquette has been designed.

Such minor points as the enormity of eating peas with a knife are so forcibly impressed upon us in our youth that we are not likely to transgress. It is in what might be called the higher etiquette that we find pitfalls.

A reader, who may for all I know be trying to pull the editorial leg, asks me whether a gentleman ought to pick up and return a coil of false hair dropped by a lady in front of him.

His fate, if he did, might resemble that of the benevolent old gentleman who was standing beside his wife while she made her purchases in a drapery establishment. A lady happened to drop a shilling from her purse on to the floor, and the old gentleman, being very polite, immediately stooped to pick it up.

"No, you don't!" cried the lady, as she planted her foot firmly upon the coin, and all his explanations were useless.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

VI. THE EPISODE OF THE MONEY-LENDER.

"I sometimes wonder," remarked Lord Chilworth, "whether our young aristocrats should not be taken in hand by the State, which would make an allowance to them and transact their business. Take the case of Sir Bertram Burberry, whose lawsuit is dealt with in this paper.

"It appears that a professional money-lender, a man named Charles Caddick, entered into a compact with the young baronet to pay him £5,000 down and to give him £500 a year for five years on condition that the young ass made over to him the rents of his estates during his lifetime.

"The annual rental is £6,000, so that a very little calculation shows how badly the baronet has been fleeced.

"Now he brings an action to have the contract set aside on the ground of its being harsh and unconscionable; but the judge asserts that the young man appears to be perfectly intelligent and capable of managing his own business, and so he refuses to let him out of his bargain with the money-lender. Just look at this photo of him and say what you think of his intelligence."

He handed me a copy of an illustrated paper, and I found that the portrait, with the name of the young baronet beneath it, represented a man of some twenty-two years with a receding forehead and a retreating chin. He had a very high collar, and there appeared across the lapel of his coat the silken cord of a monocle. It was not a bad face by any means, but very weak and foolish.

"We must take up this business at once," said Chilworth. "Let us set forth and inspect the place where the spider has spun his web."

* * * * * * *

Late in the afternoon of that day Mr. Jeremiah Potter, who guessed that he was going right back to America, and who reckoned that I, his secretary, was going with him, engaged at the Parthenon Hotel a small but comfortable suite of rooms.

Here, as so often previously, the fact that Chilworth led a very quiet life and was almost unknown in London proved of inestimable value to us. The Parthenon is the favourite residence of wealthy visitors to London, and, had any of them chanced to recognise my employer in the pushful bragging American, our project would have collapsed at the beginning; but we were taken at our face value.

Chilworth was most fastidious concerning the rooms. He must have a suite in the front of the house. This one was too dark, he did not like the furnishing of that, while another was too high up.

Only when we were shown a suite immediately above the office of Mr. Charles Caddick were we satisfied.

The ground floor of the building had been let off in shops, and part of the first floor as offices, in one of which Mr. Caddick had established himself, for the address of the Parthenon Hotel Buildings seemed so very respectable.

Our rooms were three in number—two bedrooms opening into a comfortable little parlour, which was exactly above the offices in question.

At midnight precisely we left our respective apartments and met in the parlour. Everything was done quickly, for our course of action had already been planned. We took one of the mattresses and fixed it against the door of the parlour with long steel spikes which we had brought for that purpose, thus preventing the sounds of our forthcoming operations from reaching the ears of the night porter, should he happen to pass the door while we were at work.

We carried the table to one corner of the room, rolled back the carpet, and bored four round holes in the flooring between the joists. With these for a start we cut the boards away with keyhole saws, well oiled to produce as little sound as might be. Soon we forced the boards out and disclosed the little black space that lay between them and the plaster beneath.

The next part of the proceedings was slow and ticklish work. We cut a round hole in the ceiling of the money-lender's office and through it we pushed an umbrella which we then opened, thus forming an effective guard to prevent the pieces of plaster from crashing down and making a noise.

When the umbrella was in position we worked more quickly, pushing down the plaster little by little till there was a space large enough for us to pass through.

The fixing of a rope ladder to the floor of our room was done in a moment, for we had already fastened metal rings on the ends of the ropes, and had provided ourselves with thumb-screws by which they could be fastened down to the boards.

Our large and apparently travel-stained portmanteaus—which had been bought at a second-hand shop for the purpose—were filled with cans of black paint, cylinders of oxygen, and lengths of black cotton cloth.

We carried these aids to iniquity through the aperture down into Caddick's office, and then we set to work to decorate his windows for him.

There were four windows altogether in the office, and the blind of each was drawn. Opening a can of paint and using a large brush, I raised one of the blinds just a little and covered the glass with the paint; then raising the blind a little further I served another bit of glass in the same manner, and so I worked on till I had completely blackened two of the windows. Chilworth meanwhile served the other two in precisely the same manner.

When we were finished it would not have been possible for anyone in the street to have seen the faintest glimmer had we turned on all the electric lights of the room, but we had to exercise the utmost care, for the light we were about to show was twenty times more brilliant than electric light.

When the glass had been blackened we drew the blinds down again, and, while I fetched a water jug from one of the bedrooms above, Chilworth placed some carbide in a large acetylene lamp which we had conveyed to the hotel inside a hat box.

We could have done what we wanted to do perfectly well with ordinary coal gas, but Chilworth had foreseen the probability of its not being laid on in this office. Events proved him to be right, and had we not provided ourselves with the means of manufacturing our own gas we should have had to admit defeat.

Before mixing the water with the carbide, we drew the money-lender's table close up to the safe, and, standing upon this, pinned to the roof the lengths of black cloth which we had brought for the purpose. We fastened the edges of each piece to its neighbour, so that we thus curtained off the safe by a partition that was in itself almost light-proof.

When these preparations had been made, we attached tubes to the cylinders of oxygen and also to the nozzle of the acetylene lamp, turned the taps and applied a match.

I was new to this interesting development of science, but fortunately Chilworth understood such things, and had provided me as well as himself with a pair of smoked glasses. Without them I should assuredly have been blinded had I attempted to continue the work, for the light produced by the combination of oxygen and acetylene was more brilliant than anything I had before observed. It was like a hundred limelights focussed to one small flame of indescribable brilliance.

Directing this flame close to the door of the safe, Chilworth and I took turns with a mechanical blowpipe, forcing the tip of the flame against the steel till we had melted a fissure down the centre of the door.

From this inner temple of the money-lender's god we removed the bond which Sir Bertram Burberry had been foolish enough to sign, and, by way of paying our expenses and inflicting woe on the wicked, we also took what notes and gold there was, and several neat little cases containing jewellery which had been left with him as security.

We removed our tools, not in case we wanted them again—it would be far too risky to travel about with such things after a big burglary had been committed—but to give weight to our luggage, so that the hotel porters might remain unsuspicious. Finally we laid the boards back in their places, spread the carpet above them, and removed the mattress from the door to its proper place.

It was light at seven o'clock, so we had arranged to breakfast at six and had ordered a hansom and a four-wheeler for our luggage to be at the door by half-past. We ate our breakfast above the hole which the carpet concealed, and we left the hotel amidst the bows of the waiters and the appreciative adieus of the manager.

The luggage had already been put in the four-wheeler, and as we crossed the pavement to step into the hansom we saw a policeman staring up at the blackened windows of the money-lender's office.

Perhaps he was wondering whether the blinds had been removed or whether something was amiss, but there was only the faintest glimmer of dawn to help the street lamps, and it was not likely that the truth would break in upon him for another five or ten minutes.

"Paddington as quick as you can go," said Chilworth to the cabby for the policeman's benefit, but when we got to the end of the street my friend signalled to our driver and assured him that he had made a slip and meant Euston.

At Euston we abandoned our luggage in the cloakroom, chartered a motor-cab to drive us to Waterloo, and there chartered another to take us to Victoria. Then we made a circuit of the underground, eventually alighting at Charing Cross and walking back to Chilworth's house.

Before breakfast I wrote for him two letters. One was of the briefest description, informing the manager of the hotel that the burglars had pleasure in enclosing a £5 note—not one of the stolen fivers—to pay for the damage done to the floor.

The other letter was to Sir Bertram Burberry and is perhaps worth reproducing:

"My dear but foolish young man.—In regard to your unsuccessful litigation you may now safely refuse to take the slightest notice of the bond you foolishly signed, for it has ceased to exist. You must, however, return to the Shylock the £5,000 he advanced you; there is no need to give him any interest, but if you fail to return his principal within a period of five years I shall be obliged to deal sternly with you. Let this be a lesson to you not to be an ass. Keep to your ancestral acres, my worthy sir, and wallow knee-deep in the straw of the farmyard, but let not the dust of London soil your feet again. You may consider yourself one of the fortunates in possessing a well-wisher who is also a burglar."

"I see," said Chilworth, "that our booty is worth about £10,000. We must send £5,000 to this unhappy young man in a round about way so that he can pay his debt; the rest we had better send to a hospital—my pensioners are so fearfully prosperous just now that further doles might make them uppish."

[*Another story of this series will appear next week*—ED.]

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil.
—KINGSLEY.

DEALING WITH MEN.

Employers and managers whose purpose is to get as much work as possible out of those under them generally have a fixed system which they apply indiscriminately to every employee.

In this they are essentially wrong. Individualism is a marked characteristic of human nature, and no two persons are exactly alike. It is manifestly unwise, therefore, to treat them in exactly the same way.

The employer or manager whose ability in generalship amounts almost or actually to genius, invariably adapts his methods to the needs of each particular case.

He studies the men over whom he has authority, grasps more or less quickly the character of each, and deals with each man according to his particular needs.

Bullying is generally condemned on the part of an employer, and indiscriminate bullying is certainly as foolish as it is bad, but there are some men, like some animals, who can be driven but not led.

I have known men who immediately looked upon their superior as weak if he showed them the slightest kindness. These men might, under proper management, be good workers, but the treatment they require is a firm hand and stern discipline.

I suppose their character is not of a very high order, but with that I need not concern myself here. The main thing is that they can be made good workers if treated suitably, and it is the man who knows how to treat them in the right way who is a business general. The perpetual fear of dismissal, perpetual fault-finding and supervision are the only inducements to work which can be understood by a certain type of mind.

I have known men who have discovered this truth and who have applied the system of bullying—to give it a blunt name—to the whole of their staff indiscriminately. By this means they obtain the maximum of work from certain men, but they immediately restrict the output of others.

There are some men—the possessors, I imagine, of finer temperaments—who become panic-stricken at the first sign of bullying. They are doing their best, and, when the bullying manager applies his usual tactics in their case, they are astonished and hurt to discover that they are not so successful in pleasing as they imagined themselves to be.

They were doing all they could, so that improvement was impossible, but change is immediate. On them as on others bullying has its effect, but in their case it is extremely detrimental, robbing them of their enthusiasm, curtailing their output, and undermining their loyalty to the firm with which they are employed.

This type of man needs rather to be praised.

He is fighting for encouragement and approval, and, if this is meted out to him, his enthusiasm will continue unabated and the firm will benefit proportionately.

For the managing director of a firm to have friendly interviews from time to time with his staff, is a system which has been introduced in certain houses. The various clerks are summoned to his room on some pretext or another, and he takes the opportunity of asking them how their work is getting on, how they like their job and so forth.

In the case of the better workers this personal interest on the part of their chief acts as a stimulus to further endeavour; but in the case of the others they at once suppose that they have leaped into the confidence of their employer, that they have ceased to be mere servants, and they now consider themselves almost as friends.

What is more, their work falls off, because they argue that with the managing director so friendly they could never be dismissed without grave cause.

I have so far roughly divided employees into two classes—those who are lazy and those who are doing their best. These classes, however, must be sub-divided into many others, but the divisions are so subtle that it is difficult to discuss them without actual personal examples.

Take, for instance, the man who is a good worker but inclined to be erratic, and a little careless. His fault may be corrected in either of two ways, but the method must be chosen according to the individual.

One plan is to point out to him the enormity of his errors, and to make it pretty plain to him that if he does not take more care in the future you will be obliged to part company with him.

The other plan is to endeavour to make him believe that he is extremely painstaking and careful.

"I'd be obliged, Johnson, if you would do this for me, as I want it to be absolutely accurate."

Such a remark inevitably heightens the self-esteem of the clerk in regard to the very point on which he is deficient. He is, in fact, flattered into using extra care not only in this but in the rest of his work.

Which of these two methods you are to employ must be decided by the character of the clerk. If he is really negligent, use the first; if his errors are more than half involuntary, use the second.

In an office where the staff is large, the chief will be wise to maintain a certain amount of aloofness. It will be unnecessary for him to give the majority of his clerks personal instructions, these being passed as a rule through his managers and their assistants.

To many of his clerks he will be known only by sight, and by the interview which they had with him on being engaged. By maintaining this barrier between himself and his staff he manages to retain the respect of many who would otherwise cease to fear him.

Familiarity breeds contempt. The man who knows his employer as well as he does his fellow clerks, ceases to have that awe of him which is a healthy thing in a large office, and a reprimand from the chief fails in the reforming effect which it would otherwise produce.

THE COMMERCIAL STATUS.

Any fool with an Oxford or Cambridge degree is accepted by the public as a gentleman. Any lawyer, however dull and dishonest he may be, is referred to in the House of Commons as the Learned and Honourable Member.

A commercial man, be he merchant, stockbroker, or shopkeeper, has no such pre-ordained status. He has to fight an individual battle for his social position. People take him exactly as they find him, and their opinion is not biassed by any traditional attributes of his class.

This, I think, is one of the attractive features about business life. There is, even in so small a matter as social intercourse, an individualism about it which tends to the development of a man's character. Every business man is a fighter whose failure or success is entirely his own. He is neither assisted nor retarded by the traditions of his class. By so much he is the stronger.

WINDOW DRESSING.

SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

His regular customers do not require the stimulus of a well-dressed window, but the tradesman finds it is his best weapon for the tempting of the monied passer-by.

It is a logical conclusion, therefore, that the articles exhibited in a shop window should be of a remunerative character.

If there is only an infinitesimal margin of profit on a certain line of goods, it is wasting time to trouble with it. You must consider your wages bill and your shop rent, and if you weigh these against the small profit in dealing with cut-price goods, you will find that your account is heavier on the debit side than on the other.

I mention this because many tradesmen fall into the error of dressing their windows with what they term leading lines, the idea being that a customer will be enticed into the shop by the exhibition of some very low-priced bargain, and will thus be induced to buy something more lucrative.

This theory is all wrong. The average shopper who has been attracted by a window display, comes to get the article he has seen in the window. He will have it, and in very few cases can you persuade him to buy something else besides.

Therefore you must see to it that what they buy gives you a reasonable profit, for it is an axiom in shop-keeping that every customer must leave more than he takes away.

The customers which the window brings you must be made to increase your profits substantially. If you sell them something that you are practically giving away, you are dispossessing yourself of all the advantages which the window offers.

There are two ways of dressing windows.

One is to show specimens of everything you have in stock; this indicates exactly the scope of your abilities in the matter of supply.

The other is to exhibit only one line of goods at a time; in this way you can actually create a demand.

A hosier, for example, will do well to dress his window with nothing but ties for a couple of days and then specialise in collars and shirts, following this display with one of underwear.

Mechanical devices for attracting public attention are not of very much use.

The other evening I was much struck by a certain device which I will not describe, because the owners of it would probably prosecute me for libel if I expressed my true opinions of it. It is enough to say that with a score of others I looked at it for a couple of minutes wondering how it worked.

Yet I have no recollection whatsoever as to the nature of the shop. Everyone who saw the mechanical contrivance was deeply interested in it, but not in the goods exhibited beside it.

If a device has some direct bearing upon the goods sold, that is another matter. I recently saw in Oxford a contrivance in a cycle agent's window by which the name of a certain brand of bicycle was outlined in glass tubing; through this tubing clear oil and coloured water was being pumped with the most striking effect, and it was doing good, because as you looked at it you could not help reading the name of the cycles.

Over-dressing is always to be avoided. Amongst the most effectively dressed shops in London are those of Fuller's, the sweetmakers. Generally the back part and base of the window are covered with some attractive shade of cloth, and a couple of dishes of sweets may be all that the window contains in the way of confectionery.

This may be carrying things to an extreme, but it is certainly better than having the window packed with so many goods that the eye can rest on no single specimen.

Harmony of colour is indispensable.

A window dressed in blue and yellow is much more effective than one dressed in blue and green. Red should not be combined with violet, nor yellow with orange. White will go with any colour.

E. G. HAIRSINE.

Foul Football

HOW CAN IT BE STOPPED?

There are many who argue that if we made the laws so stringent that fouling became impossible, the game of football would become a kid-gloved affair and not worth watching. It is, they assert, a masculine game, and if purged of all players who are addicted to hacking, tapping and tripping, it would be no more interesting than a ladies' hockey match.

An impartial review of the facts will show that all such arguments are futile. I should be the last to advocate the abolition of legitimate roughness in football, but illegitimate fouling is a horse of another colour.

The man who fouls is resorting to a surreptitious device by which his side may score victory without merit. In appearing on a football field, a player tacitly admits himself to be amenable to the laws of football, and it is understood that he agrees to play the game according to these laws. When, therefore, he resorts to trickery which he knows to be condemned by those laws, he is breaking the contract which he has made.

WHY FOULS ARE FREQUENT.

He is no more a sportsman than the man who tosses with a double-headed penny.

I think I may take it that my readers are at one with me in my condemnation of the unsportsmanlike practice of tripping and tapping. If right-minded people thus condemn the practice why should it be so prevalent? The reason is not far to seek. It is a question of gate money.

The public flocks to see a team that wins its matches, and it stops away when a losing team is playing; it does not pause to consider whether the winning team is scoring victories by legitimate methods, not does it care how sportsmanlike a game the losing team may play.

The clubs know this, and the value of a player depends directly on the extent to which he can bring victory to his side. Instead of instantly dismissing a player guilty of persistent fouling, the directors increase his wages, for they know that to him must be attributed many of the successes of their club, and consequently most of its popularity and the bulk of the gate money it draws.

ALL CLUBS EQUALLY BAD.

The secretary of a Southern League club assured me the other day that his club would be the first to take active steps for the extinction of malpractices if other clubs would do the same.

"As things are," he said, "if we were to sack every player whom we found guilty of what you call mean tricks, we should be depriving ourselves of our most useful men, and should simply be handing over victory to every club we met. If football were merely sport we might perhaps exterminate fouling, but the game is now a matter of £ s. d., and we cannot afford to do so."

Let us take the case of Woodward of the 'Spurs. He is an amateur who plays for the love of the game and not for a living, and so there is small temptation to him to score against an opponent in an underhand way. He is indeed one of the most sportsmanlike players of the time. It is a notorious fact, however, that he is disabled in the early part of almost every match. He is perfectly healthy and very strong, and in every way calculated to bear the ordinary brunt of hard play, so it is difficult to ascribe his invariable ill-luck to anything but evil intent on the part of his opponents.

Even when we confine ourselves to the consideration of the professionals, we find that the most sportsmanlike of them always suffer the most at the hands of the others. It appears to be a principle in modern football that you should hack the shins of every man who is not likely to pay you back in your own coin.

How then is football to be saved from this debasing element which has crept into it only within the past fifteen years?

I should like to see the old custom of fair, honest, shoulder to shoulder charging encouraged. The people like to see rough play, it is argued; if charging were once more firmly established they could witness as much dash as they could possibly wish for—roughness you may call it if you like, but charging is an honest roughness which seldom leads to serious injury.

THE JOYS OF CHARGING.

"When you are knocked down in a charge," said an old Corinthian to me, "you feel no resentment against the man who grounded you. It was the luck of battle, and it might as likely have happened that you floored him. When you're hoofed, on the other hand, you feel a resentment of which you hardly believed yourself capable, and you are almost more than human if you can resist the temptation to pay back your assailant in the same style."

My second suggestion is that the penalty area should be extended to cover the whole of the field. Every football spectator must have observed how frequently trips occur just outside the penalty area. They are out of all proportion to those occurring within it, so it cannot be imagined that they are due to accident.

My third suggestion is that the Football Association should take the matter up, and should compel the directors of a club to pay to a hospital double the wages of a suspended player. This would punish the club in the only way in which its officials can appreciate punishment—through their pockets. The club directors are as much to blame for the practice of fouling as is the player, and it is only right that they should suffer for it.

There is another type of fouling which is even more subtle, and certainly meaner, than hoofing. It is pretending to be injured when no injury has been sustained.

SHAM FOULS.

In Soccer if a man is mean enough to roll on the ground, squirm as if in acute pain, and hold up his arm, the referee stops the play, and probably prevents the other side from scoring, which was exactly the reason for the tactics of the malingerer. That he is not really injured is proved by his rapid recovery as soon as play has ceased.

The remedy for this would be to adopt the Rugby plan; in it the movement is allowed to continue to its conclusion in spite of any injuries sustained by a player.

As things are we have largely to rely on the acumen of the referee in saying whether or not the player is really hurt or is merely pretending. It is all but impossible for the shammer to deceive A. E. Farrant, or Pat Harrower, but it is not every referee who is as fearless as these, for most knights of the whistle stand in dread of the crowd, and tremble when they hear their cries of execration.

It is not perhaps fair to blame the referees as individuals. Their position in regard to decisions concerning fouls is indeed a difficult one.

MR. MILLWARD'S CASE.

My readers will doubtless recollect the unhappy experience of Mr. Millward who turned off a Brentford player in the match replayed between Brentford and Crystal Palace at Griffin Park. During the rest of that season he did not receive a single appointment in either a cup tie or a Southern League match. He had proved himself to be a man who had set his face against foul play, and as such he was a dangerous person to the officials of football clubs, for they readily saw that if he had his way their teams would win less frequently and would draw less gate money.

Therefore we must not wholly blame the referee for the prevalence of foul play. It is a bastard growth which will require to be uprooted, and this can be done only by a reconstruction of certain of the laws.

A. ROWLES.

MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF.

FOR UGLY READERS ONLY.

The man who has his fair share of that excellent quality, self-respect, wants to look as well as he can. If he knows himself to be positively ugly, he will not be happy.

There is no reason to despair. It is difficult for a plain woman to become attractive, because beauty in a woman is such a dainty thing; good looks in a man, however, are another matter altogether. With him regularity of feature counts for little; in fact it is sometimes said of a man with finely chiselled features: "He looks more like an actor, or a poet, or something, than a man."

Imperfect perfection, as one might say!

Let the ugly man therefore consider in what lies his ugliness. Probably in an insufficiency of muscle, for it is the strong man who is admired to-day, just as it was the strong man who took the lead in the days of the Vikings. To get this muscle in the shortest space of time, follow the system which is laid down in the physical culture page of this paper.

But muscle alone does not constitute the whole of manly comeliness. It is also necessary that the movements should be easy and free. To this end follow whatever outdoor sports lie to your hand. Play football, swim, box, cycle, ride if you can afford it. These are the things that make a man free of limb and firm of step. These are the masculine equivalents of the lady's pomades and beauty washes. If you had gone in for them earlier, you would not now be ugly, but it is not yet too late.

Another point: learn dancing. It will take the last remnant of awkwardness from your movements and will help your carriage and walk.

So much for the body. Let us look for a moment at the face. Your skin is white, perhaps, and your eyes dull. Here then is a case for diet, not the diet of the crank, the diet of one boiled bean, a carrot and a glass of water, but the good old-fashioned bread and beef that have made Britons what they are. Work or play till you have a ravenous appetite; then eat much and drink enough.

That and the open air will tan those pale cheeks to a healthy red, and will bring spirit to the lack-lustre eyes. Get out in all weather. Don't be afraid of the wind or the rain; a soaking need not harm you.

Don't coddle yourself so much. You shave with warm water; try cold. It will make the skin firmer and there will be less likelihood of its being cut, with the inevitable penalty of blotches.

Give a moustache a fair trial, and find out from a candid woman friend whether or not it improves you. If you already have a moustache, shave clean, and ask her opinion of that. There is no laying down a rule here, for the effect of hair on the upper lip depends entirely on the individual. It makes some faces and mars others.

Manner counts for a lot; a good manner makes the plainest man passable.

Courtesy is essential, but don't let it be of the greasy kind—no fawning and kow-towing, just a simple, manly, straightforward style. Affectation of every kind is a game for girls; don't let us trespass on their privileges.

The last thing is dress. "Costly thy raiment as thy purse can buy," someone puts it, and it is sound advice. A good figure in well made clothes with a well groomed head on top, cannot be wholly displeasing.

Don't have anything effeminate about your dress. Baggy trousers, flowing ties and soft hats may be artistic, but they are not manly looking. If you have doubts as to your own taste in this respect, go to a tailor who has a reputation for the making of sporting togs; he'll turn you out all right.

The main thing is to be and to look manly. If a man is that he cannot be ugly.

H. NEILSON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

The Combat.

By RICHARD WILSON.

Darkling was the battle tried,
and fortune sped the lance.—
SCOTT.

"Come down to my place," wrote Armstrong, "and have a few days' shooting."

I'd rather have done anything else, for I have always felt that a man whose height is five-foot-one is out of place in the country.

Don't run away with any wrong impression, for I'd have you know that if my inches are limited they are composed of the best quality.

In towns I don't as a rule feel uncomfortable, for I can very often stand on something unobserved. For instance, when I am speaking to a barmaid I mount myself on a spittoon, or on the brass rail that runs in front of the counter; if I feel that I really want to occupy that physical position which my mental qualifications entitle me to, I get on the top of a 'bus.

But the country is so rough. You have to exert yourself so much, and that kind of thing is entirely out of my line. All the same I would not for the world have refused the invitation.

Armstrong had at one time been a clerk in our office. That was in his hard-up days, before he had the remotest idea that he would succeed to his uncle's property.

Since his accession to wealth he had had several of our fellows out to see him, but this was the first invitation I had got. I accordingly wrote back, informing him that "Mr. Elkins has much pleasure, etc., etc." There is nothing like being formal with a man who has got up above you like Armstrong has done.

Muggleton is the name of the railway station nearest Armstrong's place. Avoid it. It is only fifty miles from London, but it took me over four hours to get there. I wish I had never gone there at all—but I am anticipating.

Armstrong met me at the station with a trap, and a beastly horse in it that threatened to throw us out from the moment when we were seated to the moment we alighted at the door of his house.

It was worst of all going round the corners, because the horse would not slow up, and we took each corner as a matter of course on one wheel. When I reached the Grange, as Armstrong's place is called, I felt I wanted to rest for several hours to recover from my exertions and dangers, but Armstrong insisted that I should be entertained right away.

"Of course you can shoot?" he said, and I said "Of course I can."

He gave me a gun, and I explained that it was one of a different kind from what I had always been accustomed to, and I made him show me how to put in the cartridges.

As we went down the drive I raised the gun to my shoulder and shot at something moving in the grass just by way of practice. I do not suppose I would ever have learned what I bagged, because the gun hit me on the shoulder with such force that when I got up again I was too sore to think of anything beyond myself, but Armstrong was very nasty about it.

"You've shot my sister's Persian kitten," he said, lifting a mangled creature by its long bushy tail.

I explained to him that the cat should not have been there, and that anyhow it would have to die some time, but Armstrong was always a pig-headed man, and I doubt whether I convinced him.

When we got to the coverts the beaters sent up some pheasants and partridges and ptarmigan and moor fowl and wild ducks and pea hens, and I am sure that one which crossed right above my head was an albatross.

After my experience with the kitten I was determined not to let the gun play any more tricks, so this time when I fired I held the gun a good couple of feet away from me, but when I pulled the trigger the wretched thing came back with all the force of an express train, and threw me to the ground.

I am slightly inaccurate here, for it was one of Armstrong's dogs I really landed on.

The foolish brute yelped and made a fuss, and Armstrong came round the corner of the covert to see what was the matter. I told him that the dog was putting out its tongue at me, and I had kicked it and would do it again, for it doesn't do to let a man who has come into money think he is your superior.

After that I hit on a splendid idea. I never fired at all while Armstrong or the keepers were in sight, but waited till there was no one about but myself. Then I knelt on the ground, placed the butt of the gun on a stone, pointed it upwards and pulled the trigger.

It made my fingers rattle, but it was not half so bad as being pitched backwards, and I gave them the impression that I was quite as good as they at handling a gun.

The dog I had sat on was very attentive to me, perhaps because he was afraid I would sit on him again. Anyhow he retrieved a good many of the birds Armstrong shot and brought them to me, so at the end of the day I had a fairly good bag.

When we got back to the house I was as tired as could be. In fact I had hardly enough energy to change into the dress suit which I had borrowed for the occasion of my visit; half-a-crown a day it cost me. It was a very good bargain so far as quantity went. I suppose it had been designed for a man of average size, and I sometimes walked on the ends of the trousers, while the sleeves came over my fingers like mitts.

But I am a man full of assurance, and as I carried myself with a fine air I am certain Armstrong's sister and a lady friend who was staying with her were convinced that the cut of my clothes was the very latest from London, a development since they had been there themselves.

I was very hungry after my exertions, and I had two helpings of everything, but at last the dinner came to an end, and Miss Armstrong and her friend went away to the drawing-room. Armstrong and I now did full justice to the wine, I particularly.

We were becoming nicely mellow over our glasses when suddenly Armstrong leapt to his feet.

"What on earth is that?" he cried.

He stepped across to the window, drew the curtains, and threw it up, and we listened. Then came the sharp crack of a gun right down in the coverts where we ourselves had been shooting that very afternoon.

"Poachers, by the Lord Harry!" cried Armstrong. "My keepers are fools! I must go and tackle the rogues myself. Will you come with me?"

I would rather have done anything else, but I could scarcely refuse. We did not take time to change our boots, but just threw on overcoats, armed ourselves with keepers' bludgeons, and dashed out towards the coverts.

We crossed a field in which I think cattle must have been grazing. How often I slipped and fell I do not know, and once I cóllided with a great ugly cow. At length we reached the covert and paused again to listen. There was not a sound, not the cracking of a twig.

"You take that path," whispered Armstrong. "I'll go this way and see if I can catch them. If you come upon anyone don't hesitate to use your stick."

With that he stole cautiously away till he was out of sight.

For my part I stood and shivered, for in spite of the overcoat my clothes were thin and my dress shoes were leaky. Just as I was wondering whether I could decently leave Armstrong and go back to the house, I heard a noise a little way up the path, and a great hulking brute came dashing towards me.

He never said a word, but raised a stick he was carrying and bore down upon me.

I am not a timid man, for I once had an uncle in the territorials, but at this moment I felt I had really better return to the house.

I was about to put this decision into effect when I discovered that my feet had stuck in the muddy ground, and I had to stop there whether I wanted to or not.

Just as the brute was upon me I turned in sheer desperation and made a swipe at him with my stick. It caught him on the arm, and his own stick went flying out of his hand.

He clenched his fists and made a drive at me, but I held up my bludgeon in front of my face, and the crash and the yell that followed showed me that he had barked his knuckles badly upon it.

I felt that luck was now on my side, and, swinging my stick round, I tapped him sharply upon the head with it. He seemed to be afraid of my stick, for he sprang in and grasped me, pinning my arms to my sides.

I thought at first he would crush the breath out of my body. He lifted me up, leaving my shoes stuck fast in the mud, and then he threw me down on my back.

But my blood was up. I thought of my uncle, and wriggled round till I had caught him by one foot. Then I bit his leg.

He let out another yell of agony at this, and kicked me in the face with the heel of his other foot.

Quite a lot of stars suddenly appeared, although the night had hitherto been black as pitch. He was just going to kick me again when I reached for my bludgeon, which had been knocked out of my hand, and, using it like a lance, I made a stab at him, aiming at his stomach.

Unfortunately for me he caught the stick and wrenched it out of my hand. I have not the slightest doubt that he would have killed me with it, but I am an extremely unselfish person, and it struck me that my friend Armstrong might at the moment be requiring my assistance. So I wheeled about and bolted down the path.

I turned this way and that, losing myself completely in my endeavours to find the path that led to the house, and I was just giving myself up for lost when I shouted Armstrong's name. A faint reply came from the other side of the thicket, and I made my way towards the spot. There sat Armstrong on the ground holding his head in his hands.

"What's the use of giving way to fear like that?" I asked. "Be a man. Face the villains boldly as I have done."

"Oh, I have had a fearful fight," he said; "four men attacked me, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I beat them off."

"That's nothing," I replied. "Five men set about me." For it doesn't do to let a fellow like Armstrong beat you in such matters.

"I've got an awfully sore head," said Armstrong, "and one of them ate a piece out of my calf."

"I've lost my shoes," I said.

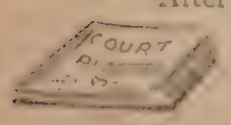
At that moment some rough men came out of the covert, and I prepared for another combat, but it appeared that they were only the keeper and his assistants.

"Could we be of any assistance to you?" the keeper asked Armstrong.

"Yes," said Armstrong, "you can help us back to the house, but why didn't you come to our assistance sooner?"

"Oh," said the keeper, "we heard some shots here so we came down and hid ourselves to watch. Then we saw you two gentlemen begin to fight, and we thought it would not be good manners to interrupt you in your little dispute."

Nothing will persuade me to go poacher-hunting with such an ass as Armstrong again.



Personal Magnetism

WHY SOME MEN ARE POPULAR.

The secret of personal magnetism is an abundance of physical and mental vitality.

Suppose you have gone for a long walk and you are still several miles from home and are feeling leg-weary. Presently you overtake, or are overtaken by, some acquaintance who is going in the same direction. Perhaps he chats, perhaps you do all the talking—the result is the same. Your weariness vanishes. You seem to draw upon a reserve of energy of which you have been hitherto unconscious. You finish the journey fresh.

The realisation of this fact will help you the better to understand the influence of a truly magnetic personality.

Your companion on the walk need not have been possessed of it—it was the mere human companionship that stopped your introspection, drew you out of yourself, and made you forget your weariness. But the man who can accomplish the same thing under less favourable circumstances *is* possessed of magnetism.

HANGING UPON HIS WORDS.

In every club, even in every public-house, there is generally such a person.

When he talks the others listen; no one would dream of interrupting him. He tells stories without much point, and his sallies are greeted with hearty laughter. It is only when afterwards you repeat these stories with a view to securing similar applause that you discover how flat they really are.

"Ah, well," you say, "it must have been the way in which he told them."

It was not that. An expert elocutionist telling the stories could not secure the same results. It was the magnetism of the man that brought the laugh, just as he could have drawn tears had he wished to do so with a far from pathetic tale.

The man who has personal magnetism stimulates and exhilarates all who come in contact with him. He has gigantic strength, whether it be of mind, of body, or of character.

He need not be the possessor of them all, but he generally possesses two.

THE HUMAN RESPONSE.

All who come in contact with him see that here is a strong man, and they feel within themselves a corresponding stimulation of strength, just as beautiful thoughts are created for a time by looking at something beautiful.

This stimulation, though transitory, is extremely pleasant, and those who experience it naturally like the personality that has caused it. They will seek out that personality again to secure the same effect, because it is a pleasant effect, and so the man of magnetism is sought after and becomes what is known as popular.

He supplies at all times those with whom he comes in contact with just that mental refreshment which the chance companion supplied during the weary walk.

Is it then possible to cultivate a magnetic personality?

Not to the highest extent. Strength of character, like strength of mind and body, can be improved by careful culture, but the most magnetic personalities are the inherent possessions of their holders, just as the ability to paint masterpieces is granted to but few.

Although the creation of masterpieces is impossible to the average man, there are few who cannot be taught to draw or paint moderately well. It is precisely the same with personal magnetism. None but a quack would assert that all can become leaders of men, but nevertheless it is quite possible for most men to acquire more dominant personalities than they possess.

I read a book recently in which the art of popularity was fully discussed, but unfortunately the writer had got, like many another, upon the wrong track.

He discoursed upon the necessity of observing every minor point of etiquette in all its nicety. You were advised to smile on every possible occasion, to listen with rapt attention to every commonplace that was uttered in your hearing.

'WARE TOADYISM.

The man who adopted this advice and did all these things would become polished; he would be known as extremely polite; but he would not be any nearer the possession of personal magnetism.

He would be, in fact, a toady, and the toady tacitly admits his inferiority to the person he is dealing with. Inferiority implies weakness, and it is strength that is needed for personal dominance.

I do not say that the magnetic man will not be polite, but he will not be glossy with polish. His courtesy will spring not from the varnished surface, but from the deeper founts of goodwill and benevolence.

Here you have one of the secrets of personal magnetism—what might be called magnanimous thoughts.

The magnetic man is shrewd enough not to be duped, but he is not for ever looking for tricksters and petty meannesses. He is willing to take people at their face value unless his interests demand a more strict investigation.

In this same book the reader is informed that he "simply must please, and must strain himself to do so."

NO STRAINING FOR EFFECT.

Another error. The magnetic man never strains after such a useless thing as the pleasing of others. Why should he trouble to flatter strangers? His character is established; he is known to be kind-hearted; that is sufficient.

Straining after popularity is a useless waste of energy which should be kept for building up that vast reserve that gives its possessor his influence. And that reserve is his character, something more solid than mere words.

Unessential details are not troubled about by the magnetic man; if he wasted his powers by plunging headlong into every petty discussion and argument he would soon attain that state of irritation and general antagonism which may be seen in its highest development in the housewife who has too much to do and not quite strength enough to do it with.

As for the conscious exercise of will power, the magnetic man never attempts it.

If he did he would be branded as "a persuasive person, but you must be careful of him." His influence would never be wide-spread, nor would it continue after he had parted company with the person whom he had influenced.

Imagination plays a large part in personal magnetism. A man whom you think insignificant may become to your mind an interesting person simply because you are informed of some wonderful thing he has done. His feat impresses you with the fact that he possesses strength

There you have the matter in a nutshell. Personal magnetism is the possession of one or other form of strength, and the man who wants to have it must build up his body, his mind, and —most of all—his character. J. SPIERS, M.A.

SENSE TRAINING.

HOW TO REAP LIFE'S FULLEST JOYS.

The development of our senses is useful to us in business and sport and pleasurable in life generally.

To test the degree to which we have left them undeveloped let me ask you, dear reader, the colour of the book which you last read.

You have a distinct recollection of that book, and you would know it again if you saw it, but not improbably your memory will tell you that it was a brown book whereas the binding was really maroon.

The sense of sight is the most easily developed of all. A training in art is, perhaps, the best education for it. Let an artist and a stockbroker be shown for a single moment a certain piece of pottery; the artist will be able to describe it with minuteness, whereas the stockbroker's impression will be of the haziest kind, yet it is quite possible that the stockbroker was the possessor of the stronger eyes; the difference lay in the fact that he nevertheless possessed a weaker sense of sight.

Perception must not be confused with the organ through which we perceive.

To carry in your mind distinct recollections of beautiful places which you may have visited, to remember the sunny smile that may have been directed upon you, are joys of which nothing can deprive you. The faculty can be developed only by voluntary effort. Sights which are worth while remembering should be recalled at the end of each day.

The King ascribes his exceptional memory to the fact that when he was a child his tutor made him repeat every evening the names of the people he had met, the gist of what had been said in his hearing, and some description of the things he had seen. His Majesty now has such a wonderful memory for things visible that he never forgets a person he has once met.

To advise my readers to become amateur artists would be to inflict a hardship, not upon them possibly, but upon their friends and all who saw their efforts. The work of the amateur in art is an abomination.

Every man, however, is an art critic, just as everyone possesses the faculty of literary criticism. We all know a good picture, just as we all know a good book.

Though you may be quite incapable of painting a landscape there is no reason why you should not succeed in calling up a distinct impression of it in your mind. It is not the art faculty which is lacking but merely the ability to give this faculty expression on canvas. Eliminate the mechanical part of the artist's work, and we make every man an artist.

When you see a beautiful scene—whether it be in nature or on canvas—look right into it. Tell yourself exactly the colours it consists of, and note whether the lines of it are straight or curved, and how they run. Then you will be able to recall that scene with accuracy.

The sense of hearing is to be developed on similar lines. It will add to your own pleasure if you are able to whistle a tune correctly after once having heard it. Anybody can do it when the tune has been repeated many times, but the man with a trained hearing can reproduce it at the first effort.

Here also is a source of constant pleasure and amusement. To remember the exact tones of the voices you have heard during the day, to have a keen recollection of the birds' songs and the murmurs of the brooks, is to be the possessor of a mind that is a world in itself.

The sense of smell is less capable of development and is more directly dependent upon the state of the sense organ. That it can be developed to some further extent is evidenced by the faculty which chemists have of distinguishing drugs by means of smell alone.

Touch is a sense which is not directly pleasurable or profitable, so I leave it out of the present discussion. The sense of taste, as any lover of the table will assure you, can become by development one of the most pleasure-yielding of our gifts. THOMAS USHER.

BILL HANNAN'S BRUISER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By C. R. CHISHOLM.

The pedigree of Bruiser was doubtful, but his fighting powers were unquestioned.

Bill Hannan said he was a bull terrier, but those who knew something of this breed were doubtful about the slate coloured patch which covered one eye and ear. This patch had been attributed by some to a Great Dane lineage, a suggestion that was borne out by the dog's size.

Be the ancestry of Bruiser what it might, he could mop the road with any other dog in the Potteries, a fact of which his owner was duly conscious and proud.

When the mine was closed on Saturday afternoons Hannan would take the Bruiser for a walk, instead of patronising a football match with his fellow workers—to call them friends would be rather wide of the mark, for Hannan was not of the type that readily gives or accepts friendship. Popularity was nothing to him, but the fame of owning the Bruiser was as the breath of life itself.

It would have taken an observer with a very wide knowledge of human nature and sympathies to have been able to discover exactly how much affection Hannan lavished upon the dog.

Candid critics said that the attention which he bestowed upon the animal was not prompted by love of it but by love of himself. By keeping the dog in the pink of fighting trim he was able to maintain its reputation as the toughest mouthful in the district, and was consequently able to keep up his own glory in being the possessor of a champion.

This view was supported by the fact that when the dog failed to please him its certain reward was a kick.

But nevertheless Hannan spared no pains in maintaining its physical fitness, if not its pleasure in life. It was while taking it out for a walk with the object of keeping it in training, that he encountered one Saturday afternoon an old tramp and a little terrier.

The tramp was grey-haired and feeble; the terrier was grey about the mouth also, but it was in good condition, for in spite of all privations it had been the tramp's first consideration to keep it well supplied with food.

It is doubtful whether its breed was more pure than that of the Bruiser, and a close observation of it might reasonably suggest that it had an admixture of the toy, for, though it was well formed, it was considerably smaller than the average fox terrier.

Before Bill Hannan met the tramp the two dogs had already made acquaintance, for the terrier advanced with all that confidence which small dogs are wont to display towards those of larger breed. The two dogs touched noses for a moment, while the smaller wagged in vigorous welcome a very flexible tail, tipped with black.

Hannan watched them with attention and amusement, for he knew well what would happen. As he looked, the Bruiser gripped the little dog by the nearside shoulder and laid it on the ground.

The terrier squealed as it felt the teeth penetrate through its hide, as much in surprise as in pain, for this was the first unkindness it had experienced in a life of considerable length. Possibly stimulated by this protest, possibly from force of habit in desiring to finish off thoroughly what it had begun, the Bruiser bit the deeper, till its teeth were all but meeting through the terrier's shoulder.

Hannan watched with satisfaction.

The contest was not strictly speaking of the fullest advantage to the Bruiser, for it did not demand the exertion of perceptible effort on his part. Still, as his master reflected, it served to keep him in practice.

The old tramp had been walking along in a day dream, from which he was rudely awakened by the first squeal of the terrier.

Dropping a napkin parcel which he was carrying in his hand, he rushed forward to the two dogs and began to kick the aggressor. But kicks were looked upon by the Bruiser as merely slight stimulants, for, as we have already hinted, he was not unaccustomed to them.

The one thing that would have separated the two dogs was the generous use of a stick, and that was a thing which the tramp did not possess. He observed, however, that the Bruiser's master was holding a stout cudgel, and he appealed to him either to apply it to his dog or to allow him to do so.

At this request Bill laughed in derision.

"Let them have a fair fight," he said. "It'll do them both good," and his lips receded, showing teeth that looked as if they themselves were sharpened for battle.

"Fair fight!" cried the tramp. "Is this what you call a fair fight? This dog's nobbut a pup beside yours, and if you don't get him off he'll be killed. This is no fight. It's butchery!"

Hannan made no move to pull or beat off the Bruiser, but stood grinning in keen satisfaction and enjoyment of the spectacle before him.

Seeing that outside assistance could not be hoped for, the old tramp, accepting the risk of being badly bitten, recommenced his volley of kicks upon the Bruiser. His boots were old and soft, his muscles feeble, and the Bruiser scarcely perceived the interruption.

His master, however, feared that it might eventually induce him to release his hold upon the terrier, so he interposed his person between the tramp and the combatants.

He was a sturdy ruffian was Hannan, and he pushed back the tramp as if he had been a child.

While these unsuccessful efforts for his salvation were being carried out by his master, the little terrier continued his ear-piercing squeals, which, however, were now becoming fainter as a result of the shock and the loss of blood.

When he had removed the tramp to a sufficient distance from the dogs, Hannan grasped him by the arm, held him firmly, and turned him round so that he might miss nothing of the combat. The tramp struggled desperately to free himself, but he was powerless.

"Have you not pity?" he cried. "That little dog is my only friend on earth. He is the only creature that has ever been a pal to me. For the sake of your mother I ask you to get off your dog, or to let me try to separate them. Kill me if you like, but don't make me stand here and watch Toby getting killed!"

Here was a new sensation. Bill had often experienced the joy to him, of watching the death agonies of the Bruiser's victims, but he had never before had the pleasure of observing the agonies of a victim's owner, and the novelty appealed to him.

To the prayers and entreaties of the old man he paid no attention, apart from taking them as a proof that the old tramp was enduring mental torture as his dog was that of the physical kind.

Meanwhile the Bruiser had been diligently worrying the little terrier, and the squeals of the latter were becoming mute. Presently they ceased altogether, and the Bruiser was just preparing to give his enemy a final shake to make sure that he was dead, when a motor car buzzed round the corner.

Bill Hannan's apathy vanished immediately, for the dogs were in the middle of the roadway, and the life of his favourite was in jeopardy.

Darting forward, he seized his dog's tail with one hand and its collar with the other, twisting the latter skilfully so that the Bruiser's jaws fell apart and the terrier dropped, a mangled little heap, in the mud.

Bill dragged his dog to the footpath, and the tramp, dashing forward at the risk of his life, snatched the body of his pet almost from beneath the wheels of the car.

Hugging it in his arms, he clambered through a gateway into a field, and there he stripped off his shirt, tore it into convenient lengths and commenced the apparently hopeless task of bandaging the terrier's wounds.

Six weeks later Bill Hannan, having wholly forgotten the trifling incident of the Bruiser's onslaught on the tramp's terrier, was taking his dog for a walk on the outskirts of the town.

It was dark, and they had reached a lonely part of a hedge-sheltered lane, when the dog lay down on the footpath.

This was the sign by which it intimated to its owner that it did not wish to go farther, an announcement which Hannan generally accepted with all deference.

To-night, however, Hannan had been drinking, and he was in a worse temper than usual, and so, instead of turning, he kicked the dog in the ribs.

In spite of being well accustomed to kicks the Bruiser either considered that he had reached the limit of his endurance, or thought that a fight with a man would be something new and entertaining. Be his thoughts, if they existed, what they may, he promptly leapt to his feet and sprang at Hannan's throat.

It was done so quickly that Hannan fell at the first impact.

He grasped the dog's collar in the hope of being able to choke it off, but the shock of his fall, and the numbing clutch at his throat, made his fingers nerveless and unable to do their work.

With all his tenacity the dog stuck on, and together they rolled across the footpath down a bank of grass and into a dry ditch which lay beyond it.

Apparently Hannan's condition was not quite so fit as that of the dogs which the Bruiser was in the habit of encountering. It had generally taken the Bruiser from three to five minutes to force the life out of them, but in less than that time Hannan felt unconsciousness stealing over him.

Rousing himself with a supreme effort, he drew a knife from his pocket, one that flew open by the pressure of a spring. In another moment he had drawn it as vigorously as his failing powers would allow across the Bruiser's neck, but, as he fell back senseless, the dog's teeth were still grinding through the bones and sinews of his throat.

The sun had just risen next morning when there passed that way a grey-haired tramp and a little terrier whose tail was tipped with black.

The dog's shoulder was bandaged, and he walked lame, but he trotted cheerfully along as if he felt it his chief mission to keep up his master's spirits. Running sometimes to one side of the road, sometimes to the other, he endeavoured to show that he was none the worse for the mauling he had received some weeks before.

Presently the tramp observed him leave the footpath, cross a strip of grass and disappear into the dry ditch, and, following him, he found a man and a dog—both dead.

The dog's teeth were still firmly locked in the man's throat, which explained the cause of his taking off. A stream of blood that issued from the dog's neck evidenced the reason of its own decease.

The little terrier sniffed the bodies and returned to its master, wagging its black-tipped tail gently.

AFTER SHAVING

with ordinary soaps, or many so-called Shaving Soaps, one gets disgusted and wonders if an ideal soap or cream can be obtained. When you have tried others and given them up, try Oatine Shaving Cream (in tubes), or the Oatine Shaving Stick, both of which are most carefully prepared for the purpose, the Cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face; they are the Shaving Soaps par Excellence.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving

USE OATINE

Cream, which possesses special healing properties. It should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

Oatine Talcum Powder is of great value when the skin is tender, possessing many healing properties. It should be sprinkled on a towel and wiped gently over the face.

FREE SAMPLES

of Oatine Cream, Oatine Soap, and Oatine Talcum Powder will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our Booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations

THE OATINE CO., 79, Denman Street, London, S.E.

FINE OAK PRESS,

No, 5, 10/6. Or Complete with Stretcher, 14/- Carriage Paid.

A PURCHASER OF THIS PRESS, writing November 23rd, says: "I have by this time given it a good test, and it by far excels my expectations. It is a perfect trousers preserver. Will recommend it to all my friends."

ASK YOUR TAILOR FOR EVERITT'S PATENT PRESS, AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT. IF IN DOUBT, WRITE US.

"M" Booklet Post Free.

THE EVERITT PRESS MFG., Co., 17-19, Lever St., London, E.C.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 Model).

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

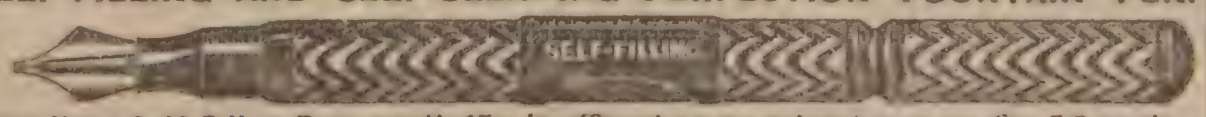
2/6. They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each. **2/6.**

This Pen is fitted with 14 carat Solid Gold nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN.

14-CARAT SOLID GOLD



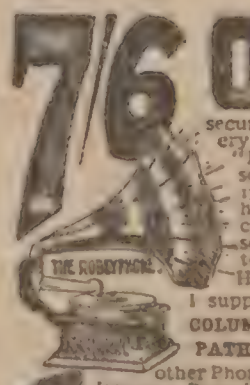
This Marvellous Self-filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each.

[illegible] to the

Makers: **MYNART & Co., Ltd.** (Dept. H), **71, High Holborn, London,** and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

7/6 ONLY

secures immediate delivery of the world-famed "ROBEYPHONE" with 20 selections, and massive 17-in horn, sumptuously hand-painted in six charming tints, which I sell on easy payment terms to suit your self at HALF shop cash prices.



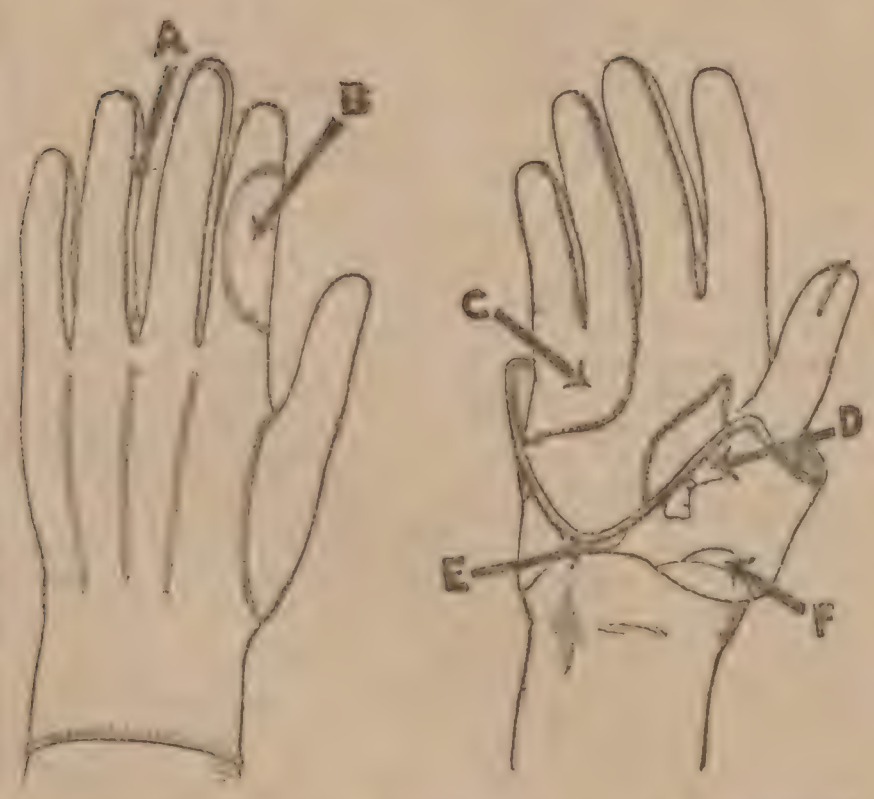
ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH

I supply:—EDISON, ODEON, COLUMBIA, ZONOPHONE, EDISON-BELL, PATHEPHONE, STAR, EXCELSIOR and other Phonographs & Records ON CREDIT. Immense Bargains. Thousands of Testimonials

GEORGE ROBEY,
The World's Provider, COVENTRY

ASK FOR LIST 133

THE SPORTING TOUCH



Note the Strappings on these Gloves; they are at once sportsman-like, unique, and attractive.

Why You Want Them.

3/6

A man who is full of life and who is devoted to sport, likes to have about his appearance just some little touch that proclaims him a sportsman He will have nothing vulgar or loud, but he must have something to remind him of his recreations.

What you have been looking for is a pair of SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES. They are strapped in exactly the right places if you are going to use them for actual driving or riding; and yet they are unlike other driving gloves, for they are in no sense clumsy looking, and are exactly the gloves that a gentleman may wear at all times except with a frock coat or an evening dress suit.

They make ideal gloves for cold weather wear, and they are as much superior to ordinary gloves as a pair of strapped breeches are to a pair of common knickers.

They are made of the finest cape, and it is absolutely impossible to buy anything like them in the shops. They are our own exclusive design, and have many unique improvements. It is because we deal in such large quantities that we can sell them at **3/6**, which is what you pay in any shop for gloves with no distinction.

LOOK AT THE DIAGRAM.

A and B.—These are additional strappings to withstand the friction of the reins. C.—This strapping is useful when you assist your left hand with your right in dealing with the reins. D.—The buttons are fixed on with leather instead of tape; they are thus much stronger. E.—This patch on the inside of the glove prevents you from tearing the stitching when you pull the glove on carelessly. F.—This is another strengthening patch, which does not show on the outside.

We guarantee that the gloves will satisfy you. If you don't like them, send them back (unworn) and we shall at once return the 3/6. But you won't return them, for they will please you greatly.

Order at once, stating your size, and enclosing a crossed postal order for **3/6**. Mention the "Modern Man." If the gloves are to be actually used for driving, we recommend you to select a quarter-size larger than you are in the habit of wearing, as this gives full freedom.

WE SEND ON APPROVAL.

These Gloves can be obtained only from

THE SHIRE GLOVE COMPY.,
119, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

SPORT WITH FALCONS.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN FOX-HUNTING.

On the barren moors which fringe the Yorkshire coast the sport of falconry is followed with enthusiasm. Here in the rough weather seagulls are to be found in abundance, and no bird affords better sport to the hawker.

The men, mounted on horses which are strong and sure-footed rather than swift, ride across the moors, the falconer having the hawk tethered to his wrist, its head covered with a hood so that it will not endeavour to escape before the proper time. When a gull is raised, the falconer removes the hood and tether, and throws his bird in the air.

Now the fun begins.

Generally the falcon makes for the gull at once, but the latter is as strong on the wing as itself, and dodges its pursuer successfully. Then the falcon soars upwards, till the hunters have to peer at it with field glasses if they are to see it at all. The gull now flies serenely on, in the comfortable belief that it has shaken off its aggressor, and the men gallop along behind, keeping their eyes on the quarry, and trusting their horses to select their own footing.

Seldom is the trust misplaced, for these moorland horses are surefooted on the roughest ground.

Presently there is a whirr of wings, and the falcon swoops down from aloft. Again the gull may dodge successfully, and the falcon may be compelled to retire aloft once more, but finally it manages to deliver a blow with its powerful beak on the head or wings of its adversary, and the gull falls to earth.

The falcon is upon it in a moment, feasting on the prey that tastes all the more delicious for the chase, and it is none too willing to return to the falconer's wrist when he rides up and pulls it off.

It is important, however, that it should not satiate its appetite or it will not hunt again that day; for this reason, as well as to keep the birds in sight, the huntsmen have to use their best efforts to be on the scene as soon after the kill as possible.

In the course of a day's hunting many miles of ground are covered, for the gull flies fast and far. The one trouble is when it sets its course eastwards, for when the quarry is once above the sea the falcon will, by a natural instinct, drop the chase.

More than once I have seen a falcon deftly turn a gull's course landwards, a proof surely of the wonderful intelligence of this king of the air. One great advantage in gull-hunting is that the quarry does not seek refuge in trees as other birds do, but keeps to the open country, so that it can readily be followed.

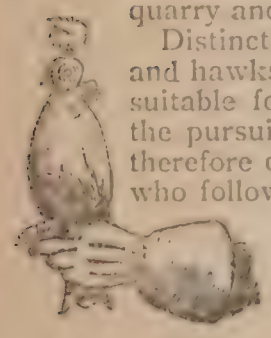
Falcons are either caught as nestlings or snared when they are full grown birds. The latter are by far the better, for they are stronger on the wing and their hunting instincts are more highly developed. They are snared in the Highlands of Scotland and in Holland, in the latter by men whose families have been connected with this sport for hundreds of years.

The wild bird has a jess or strap fastened round its leg, and it is kept tethered by means of a slip attached to this till its wildness has given place to confidence and it answers the falconer's call with alacrity.

Its food is the same as it would have in the free state, consisting chiefly of small birds, mice, rabbits or meat chopped small, for it cannot retain its health on any sort of vegetable diet.

Its meal is always fastened down to the feeding board, so that it acquires the habit of eating its provender where it finds it, instead of carrying it away, which is the thing its instincts would prompt it to do. This lesson is important, as otherwise the falcon would carry off its slain quarry and would not readily be found again.

Distinction must be drawn between falcons and hawks; the latter are short winged and more suitable for rabbits and ground game than for the pursuit of high-flying birds. The falcon is therefore considered much the superior by those who follow this ancient pastime. R. WALTERS.



Modern Highwaymen.

Robbers spring from the night.—HORACE.

It has been said that the highwayman of to-day wears a frock coat and a silk hat and empties the purses of the public by means of cleverly worded advertisements and a bucket shop, but there still remain plenty of the old-fashioned type of footpads. The instances which I have collected are all of recent occurrence, and are perfectly authentic.

Robbing a modern mail-van may not be so romantic as holding up an old-fashioned stage coach, but it is an exploit of great audacity, for the punishment of the robbers, if they were caught, would be exemplary.

Not very long ago an official named Henderson was driving his van along a lonely part of the road at Kenton four miles from Newcastle. He had collected letters from the pillar boxes along a ten mile stretch of road, so his cargo was a heavy and valuable one.

STRUCK FROM BEHIND.

Just where the road passes between two hills two men sprang at his horse's head. Henderson lashed at them with the whip, but a third man leaped on the van from behind and struck him on the head with a stick.

When the driver recovered consciousness he found himself bound hand and foot, lying in his van, which stood in a seed field and was surrounded with the scattered contents of the mail-bags. It is supposed that the robbers believed that he would have on board that night the cash takings of the local post offices, but fortunately this was not so.

A similar attack was made still more recently upon Frank Hodder shortly after he had driven his mail-van out of Beaminster, but in this case disaster fell on the assailants.

He was walking his horse up the hill when he overtook three men who asked for a lift. It is illegal for the driver of a mail-van to give anyone a lift, and Hodder refused. One of the men then jumped upon the shaft, but the driver pushed him back into the roadway, where the wheel of the van went over his foot. The other two men then endeavoured to climb on to the back of the van, but Hodder met them with such a vigorous shower of blows from the butt of his whip that they dropped off.

THE WOUNDED REMOVED.

Hodder then lashed his horse to a gallop and reached his destination in safety. A lady who was driving in the opposite direction reported that she saw a man lying full length in the road. When the police arrived, however, the uninjured robbers had carried off the wounded rogue.

James Farrell, a rural postman, was riding his bicycle near Bray and carrying the mail-bags when he was attacked by masked highwaymen. After a desperate struggle he was able to overpower his assailants. He himself received very serious injuries, but he pluckily finished his work before having his wounds dressed.

While on the subject of the post office, it may be interesting to recall how an armed robber held up the Knott Mill branch office in Deansgate, Manchester, Mr. F. J. Smith, the postmaster, was balancing up his cash and had several piles of sovereigns standing before him on the counter, when a man entered the office, presented a revolver at Mr. Smith and pocketed the piles of gold.

There were two lady clerks and three telegraph messengers in the office at the time, but before they realised the situation the robber had backed out of the office still keeping the postmaster covered with his weapon. A policeman was standing in the street outside, but he observed nothing suspicious. When the postmaster recovered from his astonishment and went out in pursuit the scoundrel was nowhere to be seen. It is presumed that he took refuge in a neighbouring house.

Drivers of trade vans generally have to work long hours, and it is often dark before they get home. In lonely roads they run considerable risk of attack, for they often have upon them a good deal of money which they have collected for their employers.

WHIP VERSUS CLUBS.

Such was the case of Thomas Haines, who was returning to Windsor one night recently through the Great Park. Just as he got between the Crispin Inn and Forest Lodge, two highwaymen sprang out of the darkness, one seizing the horse and the other jumping on the cart.

Both were armed with clubs but Haines only had his whip; nevertheless he struggled pluckily for fifteen minutes, and it was only after he received a terrific blow with a stick that he was finally rendered unconscious. The robbers then made off, taking from his pocket a purse containing several pounds, which he had collected for the Windsor Laundry Company.

The driver of a butcher's cart, a young man named Cook, was the victim of a brutal highway robbery between Balcombe and Uckfield. While driving along he met two navvies who demanded coppers.

Whipping up his horse, he left them behind and delivered an order at an outlying farmhouse. On his return the men again appeared from the hedge, attacked him, knocked him off his van and robbed him of over £7. The horse wandered off with the cart, and was finally stopped by a tramp who drove back and found Cook lying insensible on the road.

THE TREACHEROUS STRANGER.

Peddlers, tallymen and commercial travellers are frequently the victims of such robberies. A Cambridge traveller, Mark Avis, was recently accosted by a man near Bishops Stortford. The stranger walked with him twenty yards and then suddenly struck him on the head. He was robbed of every farthing.

In spite of its proximity to London, Barnes Common is frequently the scene of such outrages. One of the most recent victims was Mr. John Parmenter. On arriving at the station by the 10.30 train he started to cross the Common to his house; before he had gone far he received a terrific blow on the back of his head, which rendered him unconscious. He was robbed of £32 10s., and it was some hours later till his moans attracted the attention of a passer-by, who found him bound hand and foot in a bush.

Even in London itself the highwayman still exists. A clerk employed by Messrs. Ede, Allom and Townsend was recently sandbagged and robbed of a wallet containing £124 for wages. The scene of the assault was a dark passage off Newgate Street.

A CYCLIST VICTIM.

Cyclists are frequently subjected to this form of robbery. The Rev. R. S. T. Longman, of Madeley Vicarage, Staffordshire, was robbed not very long ago while cycling home from Newcastle-under-Lyme.

The best method of dealing with highwaymen was that adopted by Mrs. Alexander, of New York. As she and her daughter were walking in an unfrequented street a man snatched the girl's purse and demanded her jewellery. Mrs. Alexander, who is sixty, promptly seized him by the neck and administered such a sound drubbing that the scoundrel yelled in agony.

When he ran away the ladies pursued him and pounded him with their umbrellas till he submitted and allowed them to take him to the police station.

Such pluck as this is not always possessed by the person attacked, and, failing such drastic punishment from the intended victim, the best method of suppressing highway robbery is that favoured by Mr. Justice Lawrence, the cat.

H. BROWNIE.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS

IN THE TREATMENT OF WEAK, THIN, AND FALLING HAIR BY MEANS OF MR. GEORGE R. SIMS'S FAMOUS HAIR GROWER—"TATCHO." PARTICULARS OF A WONDERFUL OFFER, WHICH IS MADE SO AS TO INTRODUCE THIS TO THE PUBLIC, WITHOUT UNLIMITED PUFFING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formulæ recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

TATCHO

THE GREAT HAIR GROWER.

"When I discovered the preparation which is now known as 'Tatcho,' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair NOW, isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair-renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place this genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine, good, true,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake its introduction to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best known scientific, literary and commercial names in London, and under the name of the Geo. R. Sims Company, is introducing Mr. Geo. R. Sims's hair renewer to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

As will be seen from Mr. Sims's personal statement, necessity was the mother of his invention, and that same necessity prevails to-day to an alarming extent—alarming both in the æsthetic and hygienic aspect, for not alone is Beauty marred by premature loss of hair, but health may also be affected by the disappearance of a protective covering. Therefore, Mr. Geo. R. Sims is in a double sense a public benefactor.

In most cases loss of hair may be attributed to lack of natural nutrition, and where this exists the need of such a remedy as cured Mr. Geo. R. Sims cannot be too strongly advocated. Like a thief in the night the falling of the hair steadily creeps along, and is neglected until the thinness is marked enough to bring forth the remark: "Surely I used to have a better head of hair than this." On the subject of actual baldness—baldness is in very many cases obstinate, but in most cases quite curable. We have the testimony of many who are strangers alike to Mr. Geo. R. Sims and the company whose title bears his name, that baldness can be cured. Living testimony is incontrovertible.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

TATCHO COUPON.

Provided this coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, 5, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one large trial bottle of Mr. George R. Sims's Hair Renewer, "Tatcho," 4s. 6d. size, for the sum of 1s. 10d. post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for unlimited puffing by advertisement.

Per Geo. R. Sims
Hair Restorer Co

"Modern Man," Dec. 12.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CLEANING BREECHES.

It is just as well when you are selecting material for a pair of riding breeches to ask your tailor whether it will wash well. If you pay a fair price for it the chances are that it will.

Most whipcords and tweeds wash with no bad effects except a very slight shrinkage. If the breeches are strapped with buckskin care should be taken to have them squeezed as dry as possible immediately they are washed, as the shorter time buckskin remains wet the better for it.

Buckskin strappings are best cleaned by first having all stains sponged off them, and then being rubbed with a coloured-leather ball. These balls are sold by most high-class bootmakers, and consist generally of a mixture of fuller's earth and some colouring agent. They cost a shilling each, and one will last you for years.

Apply a damp sponge to the ball and then rub the sponge well over the buckskin. When it is thoroughly dry beat out all the dust and rub the strappings gently between your fingers to render them pliable again.

If you brush them, it will make them shiny where they cover the seams of the breeches.

The breeches should be turned inside out when dry and ironed under a damp cloth, care being taken that the seams are properly flattened and not pressed all to one side. The iron must be lifted from the cloth before the steam ceases to rise, as otherwise the cloth will be covered with triangular marks indicating the place where the iron has rested.

SHOULD MEN WEAR CORSETS?

The question is one which is raised from time to time in the newspapers, and the correspondence it brings forth is usually amusing. Stayed males discourse upon the great benefits of the corset so far as the figure is concerned, and lady novelists dip their pens in vitriol neat to condemn the effeminacy of what they more usually call the brutal sex.

The charge of effeminacy can scarcely be considered well founded, for many of the Army men most admired by the fair sex owe their figures to the skill of the corset-maker.

These garments, or appliances, are also much worn by men in France, and there no one speaks of them as effeminate.

In showing off tight-fitting clothes to the fullest advantage, the corset is certainly useful.

It is, after all, but a matter of taste. Some like them; some don't. Let both parties please themselves. Personally I have never worn corsets, and I do not imagine I should feel comfortable in them, but I am sufficiently open-minded not to inveigh against those who hold other views.

RESTORING VELVET.

Velvet coat collars and cuffs that appear wrinkled and crushed may readily be given their pristine beauty.

The cloth underneath the velvet should be damped, a towel should be spread over it and a hot iron pressed upon it.

The steam generated by the heat will penetrate through the velvet and will raise the pile as it comes out to the surface again.

If your sister or your landlady will not do this for you, damp the collar and hold it to the fire. This is not quite so effective as the ironing, but it answers.

PUTTEES.

Cloth puttees were very popular some years ago, but comparatively few civilians wear them now. The reasons are not far to seek. In the first place they did not know how to put them on properly; they allowed the edge of each fold to overhang the one beneath it like the eaves of a house, instead of turning the puttee at the back of the leg so that each layer fitted closely down on the one below. Thus these coverings were voted unsightly; and so arranged they were. In the second place, and this is a fault there is no overcoming, puttees take a considerable time to put on.

For those who will take the trouble to fix them properly, however, the puttee offers the best leg support imaginable, for it conforms to every variation of shape; it is warm; it is cheap. So far as resistance to dust is concerned, however, it cannot rival the legging of leather, for the woolen fabric of which puttees are made seems to have been specially designed to catch and hold every particle of dust that may be floating about in its immediate neighbourhood.

THE TAILOR'S IDEAL.

The average German always seems badly dressed; this is largely due to his national tendency to fatness. The fat man, whether his bulk is flabby tissue or muscle, can never seem well dressed.

At some time or another you must have seen a photograph of one of our leading "strong men" in ordinary attire, and you must have been struck by the fact that he did not look any better than an ordinary individual, although you knew that his muscular development was exceptionally fine.

The tailor finds that huge arms and legs prevent the sleeves and trousers from hanging in the way he wants them to hang. The ideal man from his point of view is by no means a giant. A high authority in the tailoring world recently gave me the following particulars as to what he considers ideal measurements:

Height	5 ft. 9 inches
Chest	37 inches
Waist	32 ,,
Length of leg	31 ,,
Length of sleeve	29 ,,

These measurements should vary according to the height of the individual, leanness being as difficult to clothe beautifully as avoirdupois.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

A white linen handkerchief is always correct, but if your taste runs to silk there are several things that you had better know. Firstly if you are wearing shoes you are probably exhibiting some fancy coloured socks. These and your tie should correspond, and your silk handkerchief had better do the same also. If on the other hand you are not showing socks you can allow yourself as much latitude as you please in the colour of your handkerchiefs.

Let me beseech you to beware of the cheap brand of silk handkerchiefs which are to be seen, and which look uncommonly well, in many outfitters' windows. The price may be 1s. 6d. or 2s., and the pattern is all that can be wished for. If you examine such a handkerchief after it has been used for a day, you will discover that the silk is so thin that the texture has become ruffled, and when this handkerchief returns from the laundry you will scarcely recognise it. Its colour will have changed marvellously. It will show here and there unmeant ripples caused by the point of the laundress's iron.

Never pay less than 3s. 6d. for a silk handkerchief, and run to five shillings if you wish for the fullest economy. These handkerchiefs will remain firm after many washings, and the colour, though it will fade a little, will still be presentable.

It is very easy to carry a tightly folded silk handkerchief in your pocket in addition to the one you are using; this simple precaution insures your always having an absolutely spotless handkerchief in reserve—a wise precaution.

SUNDAY CLOTHES.

I should like very much to find out who invented the practice of wearing special clothes on Sunday, and possibly some of my erudite readers will be able to inform me. I am well aware that many people regard special clothes as absolute essentials for sanctity, but in this respect I happen to know that they are in error. It is laid down in Holy Writ that "If any man hath two coats let him impart to him that hath none." So these people are actually transgressing the strict letter of Scriptural law, for, if you followed that, you would not be able to keep a special coat for Sunday wear.

WHY ARE THEY DEPRESSING?

Sunday clothes are ghastly things. I mean, of course, those of the masculine variety, for our sisters' Sunday toilets are wholly lovely and incomprehensible. I think men's Sunday clothes are depressing because they are not designed like those of our sisters specially to captivate. The masculine Sunday suit is simply the suit that is kept in the best condition by being worn the fewest number of times. It was got first of all for a wedding, and, with the substitution of a pair of black trousers for those of cashmere, it may have served its turn at a funeral. It always seems to me that something funereal remains about the suit even when the black trousers have been stored away and those of cashmere are again unfolded.

Sunday would not be so depressing if people dressed as they do on other days. You can never forget that the men are in their Sunday clothes. Even if you are dozing over a book in the afternoon, you will be awakened by the squeaking of some Sunday pair of boots as they pass by the window of your house.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS.

The death knell of Sunday clothes has, I believe, been sounded, for the custom is rapidly being discarded by those who set the fashions for the rest of us. The man of leisure and the wealthy stockbroker may be seen on Sundays dressed in flannels or tweeds. I admit that the man of fashion will wear full dress to church or if his wife victimises him into making an afternoon call, but as soon as possible he discards these for easier garments.

For my own part I always get more benefit from a day off in the middle of the week than I do from a Sunday. The fact that in the middle of the week people are dressed in the ordinary way has, I verily believe, much to do with it; when I see the world, his wife and his children dressed up in tawdry finery, I experience a tired feeling, though of really fine clothes I am more than usually fond.

SWEATERS.

I have a grievance which I want to voice, and I sincerely trust that the makers of sweaters will hear me. Sweaters are most excellent things, but they are nearly always too tight under the armpits. A garment which is essentially made for the athlete would, one would imagine, allow for a fairly robust physique, but this the average sweater does not do.

In the matter of sweater collars, I think the best type is that which is the same height all round and can be turned up to protect the throat or be rolled down when not wanted.

It is far better than the older kind with points something after the style of a Gladstone collar, for it you could never persuade to remain up about your throat when you wanted it to do so.

In the matter of colour, I shall never be persuaded to wear a sweater that is not white. Those of grey and brown may be very nice and clean, but they don't look it.

I do not know whether the idea has occurred to any of my readers, but an old sweater makes a very useful under garment for the coldest weather or for driving.

It can be worn over the undervest and below the shirt; it is, of course, essential that the collar of it should first be cut off, as otherwise it would be impossible to get your linen collar to sit properly.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

THE PROPRIETORS OF

"DE RESZKÉ" CIGARETTES

have organised an interesting competition for readers of "Modern Man" for the best verse of four lines setting forth the numerous merits of their high-class cigarettes.

The senders of the three best verses will receive the following prizes on NEW YEAR'S DAY.

1st PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD CIGARETTE CASE.
2nd PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD SOVEREIGN PURSE.
3rd PRIZE:—An 18-ct. SOLID GOLD MATCH BOX.

Prizes on view at Mappin and Webb's Branches: 220, Regent St., W., & 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.

All verses sent in become the sole property of J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD. Consolation Prizes of 10/6 will be awarded to verses of special merit.

A Specimen Box of "DE RESZKÉ'S" will be supplied FREE

to all applicants for particulars of the Competition on receipt of 3d. for postage, etc. The Competition closes on December 26th. The names and verses of prize winners will be published in the "Daily Mail" on New Year's Day. The Editor of "Modern Man" has kindly consented to judge the verses, and his decision must be accepted as final.

J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 17, DOWN STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN?

3/6

Will purchase a pair of SHIRE DRIVING GLOVES which adds just that finishing touch to the personal appearance which proclaims the sportsman, without being loud or vulgar. They are strongly made of the finest cape, and an ideal glove for the cold weather; guaranteed to last longer and wear better than any other make on the market at the same price.

Send **3/6** and have a look at them. Then, if you don't like them, send the gloves back (unworn) and we'll return your money by next post.

State your size, and enclose crossed postal order for the amount named, to

THE SHIRE GLOVE COMPANY, 119, Cheapside, London, E.C.

SWEEPING REDUCTION.

Agents Wanted.

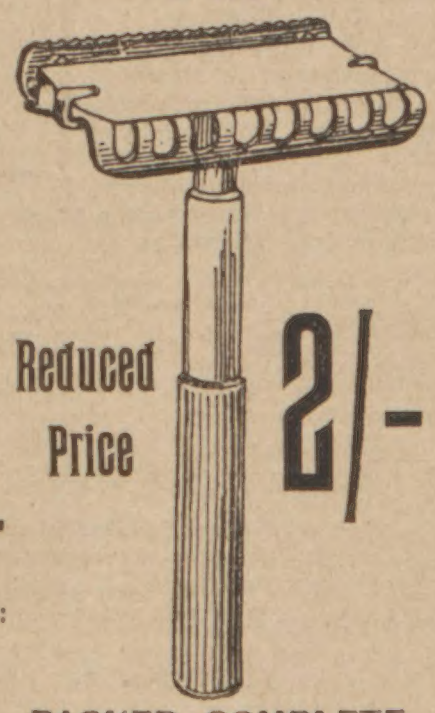
A Magnetic Steel Blade Safety Razor FOR 2/-

Agents Wanted.

Shave in safety, why run the risk of cuts and sore faces when with the greatest ease even the novice may enjoy a comfortable shave without the slightest danger? The old method of shaving is obsolete and dangerous, besides an ordinary razor is not a very handy instrument to carry about, neither is it very safe to leave it exposed. With a safety razor such as is now offered to readers of THE MODERN MAN, you can enjoy a shave even in the dark, with no risk, and with the absolute assurance that you are getting a "clean" shave. The "Ideal" Razor has a telescopic handle, the blade is made from the finest magnetic steel. With ordinary usage it will retain its keenness of blade for months, and it is so easily stropped. The whole razor with telescopic handle complete is fitted in a neat little case, which may be carried with ease in the waistcoat pocket. We are now able to offer this, the "Ideal" razor, at the extremely low price of two shillings, being able to do so owing to the enormous demand and the unlimited facilities we possess of turning them out, but it must be remembered that every single Safety that leaves the works is thoroughly tested before it is issued to the public. In this way we are able to guarantee satisfaction, and have built up our business from the recommendations of those who have experienced the utility and absolute worth of the "Ideal" Safety as supplied by us.

We are making this special offer of a reduced price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for a limited time, after which the former higher price will again be in effect; it is therefore absolutely necessary that you should send your order to-day, as we cannot guarantee how long the present price will be in force. We have just laid aside a certain number for distribution at 2s. in order to make the merits of the "Ideal" more widely known.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.



Reduced Price **2/-**

PACKED COMPLETE IN CASE.

Remember that your

MONEY WILL BE RETURNED if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

CAN WE SAY MORE?

Send your order to-day for 2s. and 3 pence postage, packing, etc., and get your Safety before the price is increased. Address:

THE SAFETY RAZOR Co. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, Green Lanes, London, N.

Special Note to Youths and those beginning to Shave.—It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the best way to stimulate the growth of young hair is to be frequently shaved. With the "Ideal" Safety you run no risks of cutting or of soreness of skin, and you will be surprised how quickly a strong growth of hair will appear on the face if constantly shaved with our Safety.

FRAUD or BLESSING?

CLAIMS OF ELECTRIC CURE TESTED.

The following is one of the most important contributions ever written upon the subject of cures claimed for electricity. That the question should be definitely and authoritatively answered is of vital importance to every one of the millions of ailing people throughout the civilised world, in view of the rapidly increasing adoption of this form of treatment in cases of illness of many kinds.

Everyone nowadays knows of the claims which are put forward on behalf of electricity as a means of curing illness. On the strength of these assertions, which are in many instances of a quite startling character, thousands of sufferers in the course of a year are led to look to galvanic force with the hope that it may supply the remedy for their ills—very often after everything else has been tried and failed. Now, this being the case, it is clearly for many reasons of the utmost importance that there should be no mistake made.

Above all comes the question of the immorality of raising false hopes in the hearts of the ailing sufferers if the statements made on behalf of the electrical cure are not warranted.

If it can be amply proved that electricity can and does do what is asserted in the way of removing only one-half of the illness of the present day, then it is surely the veriest god-send that science has ever placed within the reach of sick, weak and health-broken men and women, and should be taken advantage of by every sufferer.

TWO IMPORTANT TESTS.

In this column it is intended briefly to put the claim to two tests:

1. The searchlight of medical knowledge and criticism.

2. The inquiry into the results obtained by the Pulvermacher Institute, which claims to have been the pioneer of economical electric treatment in the home, and having been established in London so far back as the year 1848, has a carefully preserved record of over half a century, which can be closely checked, and, if necessary, criticised. The Pulvermacher is the great Institute upon which the responsibility rests, and to which, if it can substantiate the claims it makes, are due the most grateful thanks of sufferers all over the world.

TEST No. 1.
MEDICAL OPINION.

As regards Test No. 1, the following list of doctors and physicians, as well as hundreds of others, have since the introduction of electric cure expressed the most definite opinion that electricity is an undoubted curative agent in the illnesses of dyspepsia, stomach disorders, obstruction of the bowels, loss of functional power, nervous breakdown, rheumatism, gout, lumbago, nervous deafness, neuralgia, chest troubles, and paralysis Most of them quote instances in their own practice in which electric appliances were used at their advice, and proved entirely successful.

Sir Charles Locock, M.D., M.R.C.P., Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
Henry Holland, Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
William Ferguson, Physician to her late Majesty Queen Victoria.
J. Oppolzer, Imperial Hospital, Vienna.
Edward Henry Hugo, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., L.S.A.
Dr. Powell, M.D., M.R.C.S.I.
Golding Bird, M.D., A.M., F.R.S. F.L.S.
Richard Moore Lawrence, M.D.
Sir George Duncan Gibb.
C. Handfield Jones, F.R.C.P., F.R.S.
Norman S. Kerr, M.D., F.L.S.
H. Nankivell, M.D., M.R.C.S.
Dr. Thomas Wells Cave, L.C.P.
S. Foulds, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
Dr. Tyrell, M.R.C.S.
James Wilson, M.D.
W. A. Patchett, M.R.C.S., L.S.A.

Every hospital of standing in the world has incorporated electricity as a part of its curative curriculum. Almost every practising physician makes use of galvanic appliances in his own private practice.

TEST No. 2.
RESULTS IN PRACTICE.

The paragraph beneath the above-quoted list of doctors partly deals with this side of the question; in that, as was stated, every one of these doctors made their investigations and test cases with appliances supplied at their desire to their own patients by Mr. Pulvermacher, and mention this fact in their reports.

It is well, however, to go further, and investigate the wider work of the Institution, in selling appliances to ailing members of the public apart from those supplied under direct medical advice, for in this lies the essence of what each ill member of the public wants to know—namely, "Can I safely describe my case to the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute, and be supplied with a simple galvanic appliance which will cure my trouble?"

This can best be answered by looking into the records of this Institution. What do we find? That ever since its foundation, but more especially during the last five or ten years, thousands of ill people have been supplied with appliances, and that these people have been drawn from every class of life, from noble lords and ladies, clergymen, professional people, right through the social strata, and including a considerable portion of working people in humble ranks.

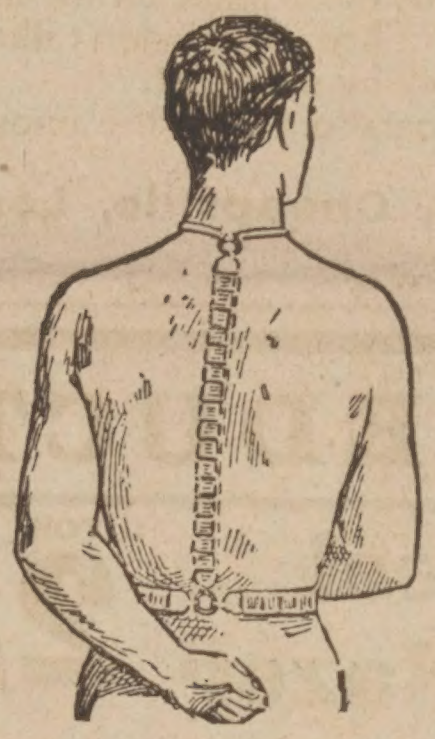
Over 130,000 cases have been treated in this way. In reading the reports of cured patients, one is struck by the very strong recommendatory testimony which is given in particular by the clergy and highly-educated classes, people whose knowledge and education would of necessity lead them to look most carefully into the merits of anything before recommending it to others. Their investigations have been the most conclusive possible, for they themselves were the victims of illness, frequently hardened, chronic cases of long standing, and they could make no mistake as to whether they were cured or not. For instance, the Rev. Dr. Townsend, the well-known vicar of Tunbridge Wells, says:

"Dear Sirs,—It is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to the good which I have received from Pulvermacher's Appliance. After thirteen attacks of influenza the consequence was an enfeebled state of body and mind. I had heard of Pulvermacher's Appliances all my life, but the fraudulent things in the market that were notorious hindered me from making use of his remedy. I determined to try for myself early in February last. After this I felt a steady increase of strength, which has kept up throughout the year. It is quite a common thing for friends to say to me, 'You are looking quite a different man,' and for this I believe the credit is due to Pulvermacher."

The further one looks into the question the clearer it becomes that electricity as applied by the Pulvermacher Institute to sufferers in their own homes is distinctly not a fraud, but the greatest alleviator of pain and suffering ever offered to the weak and ailing members of the community.

The Pulvermacher Treatment is the more to be valued because it is pleasant to pursue and permanent in effect. There is neither medicine to take nor strenuous physical exertion to perform. The Appliances are simply worn for a certain time each day or night; they fit the body of the wearer, and are worn next to the skin unknown to anyone except the wearer.

By their means a life-giving stream of gentle, vivifying electricity is imperceptibly poured into the weakened organs just where it is most needed, and in exactly sufficient quantity to enable those organs to throw off the weakness, and to resume their normal action, so that the one-time sufferer becomes strong, healthy, well, virile, and active, no matter what age has been reached or how enfeebled the patient. All should take immediate advantage of the offer below.



The Appliance which it is claimed cures Weakness in Back, General Debility, Neurasthenia, Nerve Exhaustion & Constipation

The Electric Arm-Band which is used in cases of Rheumatism may also be applied to Legs.

A simple Appliance worn at night which cures Headache and Neuralgia.

TO READERS OF THE MODERN MAN.

We are desirous of making known that the Pulvermacher Institute make a direct and personal appeal to all weak and ailing people to closely study this subject for themselves, and read the fullest information on electricity and its medicinal value For this purpose they have just published a new issue of their book, entitled "A Guide to Health and Strength," a perfect compendium of the ways and means whereby full vitality, strength and energy may be regained and preserved. Every sufferer from organic and functional disease or weakness, liver complaint, kidney trouble, nerve prostration, general debility, indigestion, anæmia, rheumatism, lumbago, or neuralgia, should have this volume in his or her possession. It costs nothing, and is sent post free on application to the Superintendent, PULVERMACHER INSTITUTE, LTD, 3, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Simply fill up form below, cut out, and forward at once, when the book will be immediately forwarded.

NAME ..... (State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

The Modern Man,
December 12th, 1908. .....